

Sports Illustrated

NOV. 26, 1974 50 CENTS

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Contents

MAY 29, 1972 Volume 36, No. 22

32 Mass Mania to Push Ahead

Americans are on a new kick—togetherness. Be it on bike, raft or foot, they're participating by the Horde

36 Give an A-Plus to Bee Bee Bee

When Riva Ridge flunked the test in the Presocrors, top marks went to a colt few believed could make the grade

38 Indian Uprising

Cleveland, long dormant in the American League, is suddenly on the move with some exciting new warriors

40 What Hath Louie Wrought?

Old Man Jacobs was a godfather to sport, in too many ways. His concessions empire has been linked to the mob

56 Power to the People

Boatwain, it entrances the millions—and animates the camera, as a color portfolio attests

66 Flight of the Arctic Spring

In haste, wildfowl flood North to nest, the season is short, and results can be savage for birds that surry

86 Disciples of Another Creed

Sport has its revolutionary aspects at Stanford, where the students continue to be refreshingly different

The departments

29 Scorecard	80 Harness Racing
65 People	82 Pro Basketball
73 Baseball	101 For the Record
76 Motor Sports	102 19th Hole

32

36

38

40

56

66

86

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Credits on page 107

Next week

500 MILES and a million dollars to go, with the fastest field ever all set to roll. From pride, Robert F. Jones will cover what promises to be a sizzling Memorial Day classic.

A SHOWDOWN between the front-runners in baseball features Houston pitching, speed and power against Los Angeles power, speed and, ah, pitching. William Leggett reports

TO DRESS UP horse racing, Bill Vuck tried Lady Godiva for starters, and the fans at Suffolk Downs did sit up and began to take notice. The first in a series of reminiscences.



American Motors' Matador drives for Mark Donohue in NASCAR competition.

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THE TRAVELERS

BOOKTALK

Sport in China—from YMCA Ping-Pong paddles to the Red Cultural Revolution

While Richard Nixon was warming the bench at Whittier College in 1933, Red guerrillas 7,500 miles west, in China's Kuangsi Province, were playing at grenade throwing and marksmanship. How they parlayed their highly organized and somewhat martial sports program (which consisted not only of guns and grenades, but basketball, volleyball, track and field and tennis) into a national policy is the subject of Jonathan Kolatch's *Sports, Politics and Ideology in China* (Jonathan David, \$10).

An Oriental scholar and a former baseball coach, Kolatch ranges in his narrative from the 19th century, when the YMCA started packing Ping-Pong paddles and basketballs with its shipments of Bibles to China, to the present-day People's Republic, where politics rule the playing field. The initials YMCA, he tells us, were for nearly a quarter of a century synonymous in China with modern sport. Besides adding several new games to the country's ancient sport tradition, YMCA officials initiated the first teacher training program in physical education, the first athletic meets and introduced athletics into government schools.

Thus began a thread that endured through five decades, a war and a revolution. The Nationalist government preserved most of the basic programs of the YMCA period but for the first time brought all aspects of sport under political control. When the Communists came to power in 1949, the groundwork was left intact. Some refinements, mainly in the organizational and administrative apparatus, were carried over from the Communists' period of exile, when ice skates were made from captured Japanese boots.

Kolatch struggles with the task of explaining to Americans the intricacies and contradictions of his theme. Unfortunately, portions of his book are as and as the Gobi, partly due to Kolatch's unavoidable absence from the scene. He cannot be faulted on thoroughness (his bibliography lists 50 scholars, 26 Oriental language books and English and Chinese periodicals going back to the 19th century), but his book will be a disappointment to readers who want to know where all those table tennis players come from.

—ROSE MARY MECHAM

The late John Atherton's *The Fly and the Fish*, originally published in 1951 by Macmillan and much sought out of print, has been reprinted (Freshet Press, \$12.95) in response to the surging market for angling books. An artist, Atherton was of the impressionistic school of fly tying, and he illustrated in color many of his favorite flies for this book. The reprint contains a new introduction by his wife.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

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The Porsche 917, one of the most renowned racing cars in the world, has inboard disc brakes. So does the Audi.



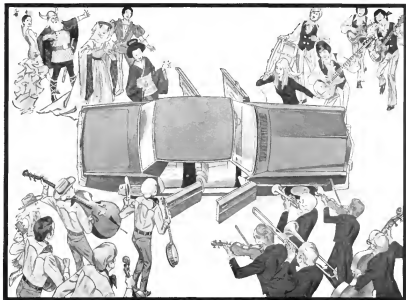
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(And yourself, too)



Father's Day is June 18.
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you like.

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POLYSTEEL SETS THE PACE



Running on Goodyear Racing tires, Bobby Unser pushed his Dan Gurney-prepared Olsonite-Eagle flat out and took the pole position at the 1972 Indianapolis 500. His average speed — a blistering 186.940 m.p.h.! A new Indy qualifying record.

On race day, only one machine will be in front of Bobby's at the start

of the race — the Hurst/Olds — the official 1972 Indianapolis 500 Pace Car. The tires — new, wide 60 Series Goodyear Polysteel tires.

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Polysteel. Only from Goodyear.

GOODYEAR

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company Akron, Ohio

Don't you think the touring pros try every new ball that comes along?

It only makes sense. After all, they play golf for a living. So, they have to test every ball thoroughly. They drive it. With the wind. Against the wind. They hit approach shots. Delicate chips, putts. The works.

And you can bet that the ball they choose will deliver the most distance, the best control, the most accuracy and produce the best game of golf for them.

Year after year, after testing the latest balls on the market, they arrive at the tournaments and tee up the Titleist golf ball. And yet, no one has ever been paid to play it.

In fact, this year — in spite of all the much-ballyhooed new ball introductions — Titleist is *ahead* of last year's record pace on the pro tour. The chart below is the startling proof.

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and pro golf course privileges only



(The 1972 tour results to date)

TOURNAMENT	PRIZE MONEY	TITLEIST	MCGREGOR	DUNLOP	SPALDING	WILSON	OTHER
Los Angeles Open	\$ 104,975	\$ 91,319	\$ 13,689	\$ 10,772	\$ 1,595	\$15,706	\$ 2,190
Bing Crosby Nat'l	139,950	79,962	33,535	1,800	8,432	4,625	11,796
Tucson Open	149,950	126,969	8,275	4,265	1,367	1,557	670
San Diego Open	156,013	134,817	1,589	5,209	2,647	1,946	675
PGA Services	37,626	29,457	1,118	1,798	1,684	6,877	1,451
Hawaiian Open	159,552	161,171	14,487	5,367	1,906	2,456	14,543
United Ayl Lines — Corona Open	59,564	11,353	200	1,696	1,990	1,176	4,509
Phoenix Open	124,973	101,945	13,472	3,674	6,074	257	681
Jackie Gleason Invitational Classic	259,957	157,949	96,577	10,573	13,663	409	13,684
Bob Hope World Classic	144,999	116,695	15,794	567	1,143	815	10,481
Donat Eastern Open	144,367	73,910	28,522	5,640	0	7,356	17,870
Florida Citrus Open Inv't	149,961	129,857	6,668	6,777	1,168	2,900	5,146
Jackie Gleason Open	124,577	150,348	509	3,907	2,212	0	18,074
Greater New Orleans Open	124,581	53,889	21,699	42,896	1,133	3,299	2,634
Greater Greensboro Open	99,980	156,773	4,999	5,477	11,754	2,044	12,966
Massachusetts Open	170,949	95,550	42,963	10,780	17,890	0	9,800
Magnolia Classic	76,747	29,755	2,061	779	467	0	4,795
Montreal Open	149,684	708,275	6,331	3,986	7,758	0	2,125
Tournament of Champions	164,559	913,965	31,200	2,900	5,033	0	10,600
Tallahassee Open	74,968	85,794	498	906	3,770	0	5,413
Byron Nelson Classic	124,911	95,259	6,912	3,206	5,327	0	11,258
TOTAL	\$2,826,895	\$2,829,996	\$306,672	\$106,946	\$84,962	\$61,400	\$186,798
PERCENTAGE OF PRIZE MONEY	100.0%	79.8%	12.6%	4.5%	3.4%	1.9%	9.9%

Source: Official ball count taken at tournament gates

Titleist: the money ball

the crew chief

A special removable ad section
with information and anecdotes
about the Indy "500"



Barry Ross



AUTO RACING'S BIG DAY 33 DRIVERS TAKE A SHOT AT A MILLION-DOLLAR POT

On Saturday, May 27, the town of Speedway, Indiana (pop. about 10,000) will become the second largest city in the state. On that day up to 300,000 spectators will jam and jostle to be assembled in a 537-acre complex to witness the 56th running of the biggest one-day sporting event in the world—the Indianapolis 500 auto race.

Although the race is named after the capital city of Indiana, it is actually held on the outskirts of Indianapolis, within the corporate limits of Speedway. There, since 1911, the 500 has been conducted in ever-increasing scale to become the premier test of racing skill, endurance and engineering in the U.S.—if not the world. The demands on drivers and machines and mechanics and designers are enormous. The track, which has not been changed in length

or contour since the race was inaugurated 61 years ago, is a square-sided oval measuring two-and-a-half miles per lap, consisting of straightaways (front and back) 1,100 yards in length, four quarter-mile turns, and two short spans of 220 yards connecting the turns. The turns are banked at an angle of only a little over nine degrees, putting a premium on a driver's daring and "grooving" style as he maneuvers around the corners.

For a whole month preceding race day the track becomes a bubbling pot of increasing excitement as the drivers engage in practice sessions and the mechanics tune up their brute-powered machines to bring them to optimum racing efficiency for the qualifying time trials and the race itself. The interest in the preparation period is reflected in spectator attendance. Between 400,000 and 500,000 come out to watch the practice runs and trials, more than the total audience on race day.

THE RACE FOR THE POLE

Last year the time trials, which determine the starting position of the 33 qualifying cars, produced the most dazzling exhibition of sheer speed ever

seen on the Speedway. Mark Donohue, driving an Offenhauser-powered McLaren, drew gasps of amazement from the crowds by turning out practice laps at better than 180 m.p.h., nearly nine miles per hour faster than the lap record set by Joe Leonard in 1968 in a turbine car. Donohue finally qualified at an average speed of 177.087 m.p.h. for four laps around the 2½-mile track. However, this was not good enough to win the pole position. That was gained by Peter Revson who topped all qualifiers with a mark of 178.096. Revson and Donohue were not the only speedsters. In fact, 13 drivers broke Leonard's old mark and the entire field of 33 put together a combined average speed bettering the old record.

Thus, the 1971 race had the fastest cars ever to be aligned in the starting grid—three cars across in eleven rows. Starting in the front rows has been significant in 500 history. Winners of the past 55 runnings of the race have gained out toward the first turn from the first or second row to finish as winners nearly 60% of the time—32 out of 55 races. The percentage was borne out in last year's competition. The winner was Al Unser, who started in row No. 2 (fifth position) to become the fourth man to win the Indy 500 in back-to-back years. The others were Willmar Shaw (1939-1940), Mauri Rose



(1947-1948) and Bill Vukovich (1953-1954).

U nser's victory was a compound of racing skill and luck and his car's mechanical endurance. The favorite of most observers, Mark Donohue, broke out of the first turn to lead the pack during the first stages of the race with a comfortable 15-second margin after ten laps, racing at close to a 170-mph per lap average. Then things began to crackle. Mel Kenyon skidded on oil spewed by a blown engine and crunched the outer wall. Veteran Gordon Johncock literally ran over the disabled car and wiped out his racer. Mario Andretti, following close behind, swerved to avoid the mishap but clipped the wreckage and spun out into the infield. Only Kenyon was hurt (gashed leg) but the yellow caution light was flashed for 17 laps, during which all drivers had to maintain position at moderate speed until the track had been cleared. Then, when the green light flashed for unrestricted racing, Donohue resumed his lead with Peter Revson in second place. But on the 67th lap the front-runner became victim of mechanical attrition. His gearbox teeth cogs chipped and chattered and it was all over for Mark as he ruefully rolled his car off the track onto the infield grass. His car, considered by

most experts to be the fastest in the field and the most likely to win, was later demolished when it was hit by another car that hurtled off the track after being involved in an accident. Before the end of the race 11 more cars were forced to quit because of mechanical failure and nine others were wiped out in multiple crashes. At the finish

only 12 cars of the original field were running.

After Donohue's misfortune, it seemed that Peter Revson would take charge as the leader. But he suddenly felt that his car was not steering properly and he eased off the pace. Later, after a pit stop for suspension adjustments, he came back into contention to finish



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Don't think we just build a tough racing tire for Al Unser. We make a passenger tire for you that can roll over most road junk and chuckholes and curbs and keep right on rolling, quietly and comfortably. We call it the People Tire. Just under the tread, it has two belts

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Firestone
500 Steel Belt

the people tire

second behind winner Al Unser by 20 seconds. Revson subsequently admitted that by backing off in his speed, he blew the race. That assessment was borne out by an analysis of the time spent on his car during three pit stops which took 23 seconds more than the time required in four pit stops to get Al Unser's winning car back on the track.

That time differential spelled the margin of victory.

However, Unser earned his victory through no fluke. It resulted from a combination of factors, including a superbly conditioned and designed car (a P. J. Colt-Ford), a



skillful team of mechanics and superior work by his pit crew. He was also aided by an innovation instituted by Parnelli Jones, co-owner of the car with Vel Miletich. This was a radio communication system by which Unser could talk to his pit crew from the track, thus precluding any misunderstandings about board or hand signals. But Unser himself was the prime factor. He drove with style and judgment, once threading skillfully through a tangle of spinning, skidding cars involved in one of the four accidents that marred but also enlivened the race. He led for 102 laps of the race which was run with the yellow caution flag out for 53 laps. His victory won for his racing team first prize money of \$38,454 out of the total prize pot of more than a million dollars.

MAN WITH A WRENCH

To the casual followers of auto racing, names of drivers like A. J. Foyt, the Unser brothers—Al and Bobby—and Mario Andretti are readily familiar. So are the names of designers like Bruce McLaren and Colin Chapman, and car owners like Dan Gurney and Roger Penske. But one of the most important—some say the most important—members of a



successful racing team is scarcely known to the general sports public. He is the chief mechanic, the man with the wrench who broods over and prepares the sleek, gas-burning charges for the famous drivers. Like a musical conductor he orchestrates all the vital body and engine parts that make up a finely tuned racing machine.

One such mechanical genius is 54-year-old George Bignotti, a mild-mannered Californian who is considered by knowledgeable racing buffs to be the best chief mechanic of Indy-type cars in the world. The choice is clearly substantiated by his record of success. At Indianapolis, Bignotti-built cars have finished first in the 500 five times in the past decade. The list of his winning drivers includes A. J. Foyt (1961 and 1964), Graham Hill (1966) and Al Unser (1970-1971). His cars have also been driven to the national driving championship five times, topping the competition in the annual series of races sponsored and administered by the United States Automobile Club (USAC).

Bignotti's role is not confined to nursing engines. A chief mechanic also serves as a kind of catalyst, acting as a buffer between the often volatile temperaments of his racing team. His most challenging relationship is that between himself and the driver. Each

GE's new J500XL goes from 0 to 350 in 250 seconds.



Our new General Electric J500XL cooks just as fast as it looks.

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A few more things you should know about our J500XL speed demon. Like the custom black and chrome full glass instrument panel. That has a vinyl woodgrain light shield.

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So drive over to your General Electric range dealer. And ask him to show you our J500XL. In avocado, harvest or white.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

depends so much on the other that the support must be glued with respect and understanding. They may have differences of judgment on, say, the adjustments of steering and suspension systems, but each acknowledges that each partner has a job to do—one in the garage and pits, and the other on the track.

Bignotti's relationship with A. J. Foyt produced remarkable results. Together they forged two 500 victories and three national driving championships. But over their five-year partnership personal friction developed. When they joined as a team in 1960, Bignotti, then a car owner as well as chief mechanic, actually hired Foyt, a young aggressive



To anyone else, it's just a model ship.

You bought it to fill a few long winter evenings.

And it took almost two years.

Now every time you look at that ship, you can still see your kitchen table littered with all its tiny masts, spars, and deadeyes, still hear the drone of the late movie as you worked on it, and know that you could never do it again.

But in years to come, your son and his son will be glad you did.

And now that you're moving it halfwaxy across the country, wouldn't you like to know the movers understand how much of you is built into that ship?

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Texas. They got along fine in the first years, but, strangely, the more success they achieved the deeper the rift became. The final break came at a race in Pennsylvania when Foyt refused to drive a Bignotti-prepared car, claiming it didn't feel right. Bignotti suggested they dissolve the partnership and A. J. agreed. Today, despite their clash, both men insist they have no hard feelings. Bignotti thanks Foyt as "a great driver" and says that if he needed help, "I would do everything I could for him."

Now Bignotti has another big driver to work with, Al Unser, the defending 500 champion. The relationship seems to be working out just fine. However, George has other drivers to tend to. One is Joe Leonard, the national driving titleholder, and Mario Andretti, a former Indianapolis winner and one of the most popular drivers on the circuit. But Bignotti's first and enduring concern remains his workshop where he fusses and worries over his beloved cam shafts, camber angles and fuel mixtures.

FROM DRAWING BOARD TO VICTORY LANE



It is axiomatic in the racing world that as soon as the Indianapolis 500 is over, the car owners start thinking about and preparing for next year's race. They begin to assess the elements of their cars' performance which indicated good or bad points. How did the car parts stand up against the tremendous internal heat generated at high speeds? How did the car react aerodynamically on the turns? Was the driver's open cockpit design the most efficient? The answers to these and dozens of other questions are never known until a hundred or more experiments and innovations are tested. Some owners are content to modify proven design and engine formulas. Others, ever mindful that rivals will come up with better, more efficient racing machines, will try to come up with new concepts to get out front.

It is not surprising, then, to learn that the winning owner in last year's 500—Vel's Parnelli Jones Racing Team—has completely scrapped its 1971 winner for an entirely new car. The successful Colt-Ford, incorporating a V-8 engine, has been supplanted by a radical power plant that had its genesis on the drawing board last October. The

The start of the Indy.



When it comes to the Brickyard, the DieHard's got a pretty good track record.

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Sears

Tire and Auto Centers

man behind the change is English designer Claude Philippe of England. His new design will be watched with great interest at Indianapolis because it incorporates an unusual placement of the wings or "spoilers" at a dihedral angle—45-degree—putting outward and upward just astern of the driver's seat, giving the car the appearance of a

stubby-winged aircraft nacelle. In contemporary racing car design, the wings, which are supposed to create a downward "draft" to keep the car closer to the track surface, are normally located in the rear. In the Philippe-design machine the oil radiators are placed in the dihedral wings and the oil is circulated for more efficient

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cooling through the hollow roll-bar safety device just back of the driver's head. The main water radiators are submerged in the sides of the main body of the car. The front suspension system, so critical to the steering stability of a racing car, is located within two small wings angled out from the sloping nose of the car's monocoque body design. The suspension unit can be wheeled to the front of the car and attached with just four bolts.

These Philippe designed racers will be powered by turbocharged, four-cylinder Offenhauser engines capable of producing 900 horse power at 9,000 r.p.m. They will be driven by a trio of formidable competitors—Al Unser, Joe Leonard and Mario Andretti. They are expected to be a big threat at the 500, but other racing teams are capable of accepting the challenge, including Bobby Unser, driving a Dan Gurney Olsonite Eagle, Mark Donohue, Peter Reeson, and veterans Wally Dallenbach, Roger McCluskey, Lloyd Ruby, A. J. Foyt and Gary Bettenhausen.

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Preparing a car for the 500 is costly, hard and time-consuming work. Considering that the 500 is the only race run each year at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, it is a source of wonder to people outside the cove of the racing fraternity why so much effort is expended. It is not just a matter of entering a single car and hiring a good driver. Most successful owners enter two or even three racing plants to compete for the prize money and the prestige. In addition, each entry is backed up by spare engines and chassis bodywork. The drivers are under contract, usually at about \$50,000 a year; the chief mechanic is also on contract salary. Add to these fixed costs rooms, board, transportation, insurance, shopwork, station wagons,

and trailers. The total investment can run to well over half a million dollars.

But the racing teams are a breed of dedicated people, and they are happy to spend the money and the time for a crack at the 500 title. This year more than 70 entries are expected to be filed, with an entry fee of \$1,000 per car. Each car must conform to strict specifications set by USAC, national governing body that supervises the running of the 500 and all other races in the national driving championship series. To equalize competition so that no driver has any special equipment advantage, USAC imposes set limits on such factors as power (piston displacement), body weight and dimensions, sizes of tires, fuel and number of pit stops.

In the early years of the race, going back to 1911, piston displacement was practically unlimited. Some of the old cars raced with huge 600-cubic-inch engines powered by pistons the size of dinner plates. The displacement limit was gradually dropped until it reached an all-time low of 91 cubic inches during the Twenties. Today the limit for supercharged, overhead camshaft engines is set at 161.763 cu. in. Cars with nonsupercharged or stock-block engines are allowed higher piston displacements, but these types are no longer a factor. Not one has qualified in the past two years; all the starters have been powered by either Offenhauser or Ford V-8 engines.

An Indy 500 car must weigh a minimum of 1,350 pounds, without fuel or driver, and must conform to a maximum length of 16 feet and a maximum overall width of six feet eight inches. Wheels and tires are also subject to rigid limitations. Wheel rims must measure at least 15 inches in diameter. The front tires are mounted on rims with a width of no more than 10 inches, which means that these tires have a tread width of about 11 inches. The rear or drive wheels can accommodate larger tires because the rim widths are

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ACTIVE MANAGEMENT



Everybody should have a friend like Abe.

Back in 1946, I drove my first race with a cast on my foot. And it was Abe Raben who talked me into it. Abe owned the Speedrome, the only race track in Wichita Falls, Texas, where I worked in a motorcycle shop. We'd hang around together, and Abe always talked about car racing. But I never thought of doing it myself. Then one Sunday—about a week after I broke my ankle in a cycle wreck—I went out to the Speedrome. Abe was fooling with a midget car he owned and said, "Come on, Ruby, drive it around the track." "My clutch foot's busted," I said.

"These things don't have a clutch," he said. So I hobbled over, started driving, and I was hooked. Just the way Abe knew I'd be. A week later I drove my first race, with the cast still on my foot... I didn't win, but Abe said if I wanted to keep on racing, he'd sponsor me and pay the bills. "Lloyd," he said, "It sure beats workin'." And he was right.

Abe owns a car lot now, and I've had several sponsors since he got me started. My most recent sponsor is Wynn's Oil Company. I'm happy to be working with them, because they understand racing and they make products I can count on. Like new formula Friction Proofing®.

It helps protect that expensive engine we've got, at the high temperatures it operates on.

And I use Friction Proofing® in my cars back home, the Olds, the pick-up, and the Model A Abe found for me. Friction Proofing® helps keep them running clean, helps keep them quiet. Except for the Model A, Abe says there's nothing you can do about that.

Wynn's Oil Company proudly sponsors the champions: Lloyd Ruby, Don Prudhomme, Tom McEwen, Tony Nancy, Don Garlits, and the Wynn's Courage of Australia, world's fastest and quickest 1/4 mile rocket dragster.



I'm keeping this one with...



expanded to a maximum of 14 inches. The usual rear tires measure between 15 and 16 inches in tread width, giving them extra traction. Racing tires have been the subject of much experimentation by such companies as Firestone and Goodyear, but they bear little resemblance to passenger car tires. An Indy racer may have several sets of

interchangeable tires of varying types of rubber compounds designed to fit the condition of the track and the car's style of performance. The rubber is usually mounted on what is known as a bias-ply base. The sidewalls and tread are comparatively thin; this allows for quicker dissipation of heat built up at speeds of 200 m.p.h. and



over. Despite the thinness, racing tires are remarkably durable under the stresses put on them. It is not unusual for a tire to last the 500 miles of the race without change.

One of the most dramatic moments of the 500 occurs when a car rolls into the pits for re-fueling, a change of tires or a mechanical adjustment. Here precious seconds can be saved or lost. The crowd senses the suspense and many spectators check stop watches to time the pit crew's work. This year USAC has ruled that each car must make four mandatory pit stops. This will provide greater spectator interest, but the new rule was imposed principally for safety reasons. Since it is not necessary to fill a car's fuel cells to the brim, the danger of fire hazard is reduced. If a car with a full load of fuel should crack into the wall or another car the collision could exert tremendous hydraulic pressure and rupture the fuel line system, possibly causing a disastrous fire. Generally, Indy cars are fueled with volatile alcohol blends of methanol and nitromethane for time trials.



Barry Ross

The safety of the driver has always been a cardinal factor in the conduct of the 500. Coveralls, gloves and socks by every driver before he is permitted on the track. Even his underwear is fire-resistant. His helmet is more sturdily constructed than a football player's headgear. Often attached to the helmet is a clear plastic face-plate, which may take the place of the traditional goggles. Across his mouth and nose the driver wears a flame-resistant cloth mask to protect against smoke, dust and fire. In addition, he is strapped into the open cockpit with a strong cross-web of safety belts. The driver's cockpit is small and narrow, so narrow that the steering wheel is only about a foot in diameter. The car is built so close to the ground that the driver does not sit, literally reclines in the cockpit with his feet thrust into the narrow wedge-shaped nose of the car to reach the brake and throttle pedals. Thus his line of sight is no more than a foot and a half from the ground and often below the tops of the tires. In that position his line of vision is usually straight ahead, but he must be alert to

catch signals and messages from his pit crew and watch for official flag signals. These include: green—starting signal, clear course; yellow—drive with caution and maintain position; black—come in for consultation; red—stop, race is halted; blue with orange stripe—car attempting to pass you; white—start of last lap; checkered black and white—you are finished.

FROM HARROUN TO UNSER

Since the first running of the 500, when Ray Harroun won with an average speed of 74.59 m.p.h. (the current record is 157.735, set last year by Al Unser) the race has seen many changes, many heroes and much excitement. Oldtimers recall when such kingpins as Barney Oldfield and Ralph DePalma and Peter De Paolo raced over the old "Brickyard."

Others harken back to the Twenties

when the Duesenberg and Miller Specials virtually dominated the race. The Twenties also saw the first appearance of Indy's first three-time winner, Lou Meyer (1928-1933-1936). Then came Wilbur Shaw, also a three-time victor (1937-1938-1940). It was Shaw, who later became president of the Speedway, who set the most remarkable record in 500 history. In one six-year span, he compiled three firsts, two seconds and one seventh.

The track was closed during World War II, but it was reopened in 1946 by Tony Hulman, who bought the Speedway from Eddie Rickenbacker. Under Hulman's stewardship the track facilities have been vastly improved and the quality of the racing has kept pace. This year the big wheels will spin again for fame and plenty of loot. Many people will be watching defending champion Al Unser. If he wins he will become the first man in history to capture the 500 three times in a row. But don't bet on it. The road to Victory Lane is pocked with racing luck pitfalls and all 33 starters will be unloading their best shots.



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CABLES

Sport was a major subject for discussion at the cable-TV convention in Chicago last week. A widespread assumption that it is only a matter of time before major events like the World Series and the Super Bowl are exclusively on cable TV was refuted. Robert Rosencrans of Columbia Cable said, "This may shock you, but we'll never take the Super Bowl away from free TV. Our potential lies in new areas, and in events not being shown on free TV." Part of the reason for this, of course, is the FCC's five-year anti-siphoning rule, which says cable TV cannot telecast a sports event into an area if it has been shown on conventional TV locally at any time during the previous five years. The FCC rule is one reason why Arthur Wirtz of the Chicago Black Hawks has not been televising Hawk home games. "I want to leave the door open for cable TV," he said.

Sports entrepreneurs tend to feel that free televising of home games hurts attendance, but cable TV, possibly because the viewer has to pay to watch it, seems another matter. Jack Dolph, commissioner of the ABA, said, "The New York Nets had a standing-room-only crowd in a playoff game at home, yet it was their 104th game of the year, and all were shown on the cable to half of Manhattan. I can't see where cable TV of home games hurts." C. Charles Jowiszas of New York's Madison Square Garden echoed that thought: "We've got 125,000 cable-TV subscribers who were able to see 125 sports events last year, mostly home games of the Knicks and Rangers. Cable TV seems to maintain or even increase home attendance."

As for Rosencrans' comment on new events and new areas, Philip Hochberg, a Washington attorney with cable-TV interests, said, "We can create a demand. We can televise events that conventional TV would not find commercially feasible. We can carry a karate championship even if only 20 people in some New Jersey town are interested in seeing it."

HASTA LA VISTA

Canonero II, implausible hero of the 1971 Kentucky Derby who proved himself a genuine champion in winning the Preakness, and who, worn down by injury and illness, faded in the Belmont, came back to the wars last weekend in the \$57,000 Carter Handicap at Belmont

Park. Bought from his Venezuelan owners for a reported \$1.25 million by Robert Kleberg of King Ranch, the horse recuperated for 11 months. In the Carter he got off slowly, ran a distant last for a while in the field of eight and then, turning for home, began a cannonball rush through the slop that enabled him to finish a strong second behind Loematt. Trainer Buddy Hirsch was delighted with the performance and plans to run him back in the big handicap races later, which is good news. After the stunning demise of Riva Ridge in the Preakness (page 36), racing needs Canonero's glamour.

GRIER ON GUNS

Roosevelt Grier, the old Penn State and NFL lineman who turned to acting and politics when his playing days ended, was in the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles four years ago when Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated. Last week when he heard about the shooting of George Wallace he could not speak for 15 minutes. "Having been through it once," he said, "it was like another kick in the stomach. Now, Governor Wallace—I was not a fan of his, but he had every right to speak out about what he believed in. In the end, the voters would make the decision. The majority rules. I'll always believe in that."

"I admired Dr. Martin Luther King and his nonviolent stand. I spoke to him the last time during a plane ride. Not long after he was killed, and then a few months later it was Bobby Kennedy. After that a lot of us, Astronaut John Glenn included, battled for gun control. I think anything that makes it more difficult to get a gun should be done. You have to start somewhere."

"The shame of it is, it takes something like this tragedy to publicize it. Every day you have people shooting one another, but the gun laws remain weak and ineffective. Remember that many of the young people in this country have read of nothing but war. The violence

growing out of World War II hasn't ended yet, and it helps create a climate of fear and suspicion, an attitude that no one can be trusted. Violence in America won't end until attitudes change."

SMITE THEM HIP AND THIGH

A new Willamette University season record for personal fouls was set this past basketball season by Rich Grady, a junior center, who got the whistle 97 times. Grady did not seem too impressed one way or the other by the honor, but the



former record holder, Ted Loder, who picked up 92 personals two decades ago, was moved to impassioned prose. Now minister of the First United Methodist Church in Germantown, Pa., the Rev. Mr. Loder wrote: "All I want to say is that there is a big difference between quantity and quality. Although the quantity of my personal fouls may be surpassed, I suspect the quality may not. Perhaps one way to evaluate the real effectiveness of a personal foul is to determine how many of the subse-

continued

quent free throws were made by the opponents. If they could still stand without shaking and could still see without blurred vision, then I would question whether the quality of the foul was sufficient to merit real notice."

Williamette Athletic Director John Lewis, who was basketball coach back then, conceded that Loder's fouls "were generally of high quality." He also said he was pleased his charge had gotten the violence out of his system before entering the ministry.

NICE GUYS

Speaking of reverent competitors, the major league baseball club with the largest and most active number of members in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes is the Chicago Cubs, managed by that model of deportment, Leo Durocher.

NOT NICE, GUYS

Nor does this sound Durocheresque. From an article on soccer in *Colony Information Notes*, published in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, comes the following: "Firstly, it is a foul to tackle a player when he does not have the ball. This may surprise some of you, but it is so. Secondly, a knee in your opponent's chest, back, face or privates is also a foul, and in bad taste as well."

SPORT AND ART

For decades writers have dreamed of turning baseball into art, of using the so-called National Pastime as raw material for a superb novel or play. One or two came close but, by and large, baseball has failed as the stuff that art is made on. Football, too, has had its vogue but most fiction or drama derived from it echoes the melodrama and sentimentality of old boxing movies.

But basketball—*aah*. This basically American sport is suddenly and perhaps not surprisingly the crucible from which genuine art is bubbling. John Updike, for instance, has made his Rabbit Angstrom a familiar name in the literary scene. A young writer named Dm Mossman has used an ABA player, Bob Netolicky of the champion Indiana Pacers, as a major figure, named Dunker Nudlack, in his highly praised new novel, *The Stones of Samner*, which is about growing up in Iowa. Netolicky was a boyhood friend of Mossman's and, the author says, "During college we used to come home weekends and talk all night

about the things we did in high school. Neto was amazing. He remembered things I had long forgotten, and I'd take notes as we talked. He was an awful lot of help."

Derived, too, from basketball is the current New York stage hit, *That Championship Season*, an adroit production built around the reunion of a high school basketball team and its coach. The banal Rocke-like exhortations of the bigoted old coach as he sees his players, now middle-aged, being defeated by life take on a curious and moving validity. Apparently, basketball is a touchstone of the American experience. At any rate, where the older sports have failed, it has come through.

TEXAS TED

Possibly because his Texas Rangers had a team batting average under .200, Ted Williams last week was moved to comment glumly, "We may be in a period when there isn't going to be much hitting. Hitting has been going down for quite a few years." Williams said the reason for this may be that the modern youth has other interests that prevent him from concentrating sufficiently on perfecting his hitting, which Ted says is the most difficult thing to do in sport. Turning to sociology, he noted that the National League had better hitting than the American mostly because of its black players. He suggested that black players might have fewer distractions while they are maturing as athletes and trying to push their way up in society. Thus, they work harder at their hitting, which would explain why so many of the good hitters are black.

The old philosopher also implied that modern ball parks are too big and that baseball could help the offense by bringing in the fences to more reachable distances. "From a committee of oldtime players to consult on the dimension of the fields," he said, "Let's go back some years. What cities were traditionally good baseball cities? Brooklyn, New York, Boston, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis. What did they have in common? They all had small parks."

CLASS

St. Louis, like many other cities, has been having the financial shorts, so much so that it appeared a mite obsessed with the problem during the St. Louis District Public Links golf tournament. Two

players finished in a tie for first place and had to go three extra holes of sudden death to determine the champion. The playoff did not have quite the festive air such things have in, say, the U.S. Open. Because it was held the day after the tournament proper ended, the city asked the two finalists to pay an extra \$5 greens fee.

ACHILLES' HEEL

It's official, Martin Liquori will not run in the Olympics. What had been variously diagnosed—gout was one thing mentioned—turned out to be a spur on the left heel. The runner will undergo surgery and will be out of action until next indoor season.

"I can't get it in my head that I won't be at Munich," Liquori said, "but since last October I've been running in pain. I haven't been able to achieve anything."

Later this year, when he is able to compete again, he plans to train in California. On reports he would be a TV commentator at the Olympics, he said, "I'm interested in broadcasting, but I won't accept any job, whatever the offer, if it meant I couldn't run again. No amount of money could get me to give up my amateur standing now. I'll be back."

THEY SAID IT

- Earl Weaver, Baltimore Oriole manager, on the team's hitting slump: "We're so bad right now that for us back-to-back home runs means one today and another one tomorrow."
- Mrs. Gordon Johncock, on being married to a race driver before the Indy 500: "Every wife wants her husband to succeed, and we help in the struggle to reach the top. But once a husband is on top, the strain of maintaining the No. 1 position is too much. I don't want my husband to win; second, yes, or on back. I've seen too often what winning can do to a man and his marriage."
- Susannah Shooter, 81, who has been sewing baseballs for Spalding for 50 years but who can't stand to watch a baseball game: "I hate to see all those balls batted into the stands after all that work."
- Red Auerbach, outspoken general manager of the Boston Celtics, at a luncheon of the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce: "Let me start by saying this is not quite the honor, my being here, that you think it is. I haven't had too much regard for the Chamber of Commerce during my years in Boston."

END



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MASS MANIA TO PUSH AHEAD

Whether poling rafts in a zany Georgia river race or pedaling through Ohio, Americans seemed obsessed with doing it all together **by DAN LEVIN**

A piano foundered in the rapids of Georgia's Chattahoochee River last Saturday. A year ago it was a VW beetle that was fighting for its life. When the rescuers got to the bug, there was a beaver living in the backseat, which anybody will admit is a far more sensible place for a beaver to be than the Chattahoochee is for a piano or a Volkswagen. Both were casualties of Atlanta's Ramblin' Raft Race, a kind of wet Woodstock that, with other mass movements of people like the Boston Marathon and a proliferating bicycle tour along the banks of the Scioto River in Ohio, is looking more and more like the in thing—in the river and out—for the post-rock age.

Americans have been known to crowd to sporting events before, but mostly as sedentary observers, seldom to participate. For years, Sweden has had its Vasaloppet with 8,000 skiers whipping 53.5 miles across the frozen coasts; in the U.S. the only shadow of such an event involved a handful of rugged individualists plowing silently through the hills of Putney, Vt., secure in their knowledge that they almost alone in the U.S. knew the joys and pain of their esoteric sport. Mass gymnastic exhibitions were for regimented Russians or Red Chinese; we would stick with the Monday-night ladies class at the YWCA. But then strange things began to happen. At Hopkinton, Mass. eight Aprils ago more than 300 persons suddenly appeared at the starting line for the run to Boston. In the

next few years the number escalated so rapidly that the swamped organizers had to limit the marathon's field. The country's awakened interest in the '60s in physical fitness seemed to be accompanied by a subtle need of people to get together and strain their recently streamlined bodies in huge bunches. The private satisfactions—and sometimes even hell—felt better when others were sharing it.

The scene outside Atlanta, where the ramble had grown in only four years from a paltry float of 50 nondescript rafts to a mammoth armada of 5,000, looked like something out of a Matthew Brady Civil War photograph. In the early dawn, smoke from fires rose to join the rising mist over fields littered with large Huck Finn rafts a man could live on, life rafts, inflatable kayaks, inner tubes and tube trains, tents and makeshift lean-tos and the supporting vehicles that got all that equipment to the starting point in the first place. Hunkered down in this marvelous disarray, an Atlanta engineer wondered aloud if some of his fellow men, chafed by a world of increasing complexity, might not have a subconscious urge to test themselves, uncompromisingly, irrationally even, against pretechnological forces and dangers.

Late that afternoon, the full-blown rhetoric of morning had faded somewhat with the reality. Some six rafts had overturned in the 50° water, two young ladies had fetched up in the nets strung

continued





Referees on the Cheatohossee point their vessel, one of 8,000 entered, 8.2 miles downstream. Or so they hope.



Cyclists wheel out of Columbus, Ohio, 2,000 strong—more or less—headed for Portsmouth, 105 miles away.

across the river below the finish line, suffering a few terrifying moments before being unmeshed, and a man, apparently coaxed by a raft or boulder, had been hauled onto the bank in shock. But these were the only incidents to mar a sparkling spring outing that was, with apologies to the engineer, plain fun.

It all began with the showboat class, first off on the 9.2-mile run at nine a.m. The rafts, biggest to be seen all day, were production numbers. The piano, for instance, was an upright stationed on one end of a raft with a gazebo on the other. One raft carried an outhouse, one a garden, that sort of thing. No sooner were they on the river than six or eight of the showboats tangled in a cable marking the starting point, capsized and tumbled away downstream. Evidently, that was part of the rambles. That and what the rafters, now swimmers, did to reach shore through a five-knot current and the cold water.

The rest got away under the bright sun more auspiciously. "Isn't this a naha li'l rah'd?" said one Dixie belle on a red and white paddle-wheeler named *Six Flags Over Georgia*. The SFOG loud-speakers blared Georgia morning river music—Country Stones and the Family Aardvarks, someone said. And everyone aboard was very happy.

Six Flags was named for the Atlanta

amusement park, and it had been three weeks in the making. As a water-going vehicle, it might as well have been one of its namesake's roller coasters. The paddle-wheel was nonfunctional. There were poles aboard for poling, but that was an expert's job, and the two home-made sculling oars each weighed 18 pounds.

The Chantahoochee's banks, green and lush with vines and hardwood trees, began to pass more swiftly as the current quickened. "If we just get through the rapids," a crewman said, "ah know we'll make it." The rapids came seven miles from the start. The rocks that formed them became a challenge for the *Six Flags* crew. They seemed to bounce and scrape her off every one of them for 100 yards or so, and suddenly the shore stopped moving. It didn't start again for 90 minutes, during which the men hung from the rapidly loosening railings, lifting, pushing, groaning, shivering and directing harsh comments at the rocks. A sculling oar was used as a lever, and it broke in half.

All around the *Six Flags* other showboats were on the rocks, too. The Delta Airlines *Early Bird* was breaking up near shore. The *Dixie Red Rebs*, Confederate flag flying, was in trouble upstream. And two of *Six Flags*' oil drum supports ripped loose and bobbed away. She got

off the rocks, then ran into more half a mile down, broadside to the current, leaning dangerously. One of the girls screamed. Three more drums broke loose and the railings were ripping off, leaving nails protruding. Now other classes of boats were bearing down—rubber rafts and inner tubes, hundreds and hundreds of each in sight at all times. One of them, a network of 175 truck and airplane tires, carried a crew of 65. And whenever a tube or raft approached the *Six Flags* a crew member would yell, "Nails," but often it would be too late. Sss . . . Sss . . . Sss . . . Sss . . . the tubes and rubber rafts would go, and their crews would continue downstream, floating lower and lower in the water.

Most of the tubes and rubber rafts made it past the *Six Flags* gauntlet, and by nightfall, after one of the *Six Flags*' stronger men dragged himself ashore and tied a guide rope tightly to a tree, the crew was off. It would be a while, however, before the raft was freed and dragged—along with 20 or 30 others, most of them built over steel drums—from the river. Their owners had been warned against using the deep draft drums, but they persisted.

No less exhilarating, if quite a bit less dangerous, was the Ohio bicycle tour a week earlier. The largest ever in this country, it began on a Saturday in Columbus with 2,232 people entered (another 700 rode unofficially) and meandered 105 miles south to Portsmouth on the Ohio River, from where it returned Sunday to the starting point in front of the state capitol. By the end, one man had fallen and broken his collar bone and a few others had bruises and scratches, which is probably less than would have happened to any 3,000 active people on a spring weekend. The TOSRV (for Tour of the Scioto River Valley) was its accustomed success.

For one thing, the start was more orderly than Atlanta's; there was a lot less paraphernalia, only bikes, a whole U.N. of them. The omnipresent Schwinn, and Raleigh, Fuji, Le Voyageur and Bottechia, to name five from as many countries. Almost all were meers, a symbol of the times—the turned-down handlebars, like the horns of an alloyed Taurine, and the big bright gears with their delicate mechanisms. "A sure sign of an affluent society," one Eastern journalist called them recently. And then he was reminded that in Europe, where such



Chuck Harris and Bonnie, who rode both days, stay dry on a bicycle built for one and a half.



Life on the Chattahoochee over the day, rafters slobber with their craft up the muddy banks.

bikes have been popular far longer, they indicate just the opposite.

"There's a certain freedom in riding a bike," said a cyclist from Montana. "You can meet people in a way you just can't while driving a motorized vehicle. I don't own a car, I never have and probably never will."

The cyclists left Columbus at seven a.m. At Portsmouth they would eat, meet others and sleep before heading back the next day. There were three well-stocked food stops in between which made it, as one volunteer put it, "the world's biggest progressive dinner." By Sunday night the bicyclists had eaten 400-dozen hard-boiled eggs, 450 loaves

of bread, 4,600 oranges and 12,000 cups of cocoa before everybody stopped counting.

There was no pressure to push. It was a tour, not a race, the publicity said, but Alabama's Earle and Susan Holland, 24 and 21, took the message too literally. They were too late for food stops both days and Holland declared that the tour was "geared to the faster riders." The Hollands were the last to check in at Columbus Sunday night. "I like the idea of getting on top of a hill," said Holland, "and seeing nothing but cyclists as far as the eye can see." Ahead of him, that is.

TOSRV was 11 years old this month.

One of the showboats, complete with foliage and fruit tree, floats serenely toward the rapids.



It began with Charles Siple, now of Schoenectady, and his 16-year-old son Greg. They rode it alone in 1962. Next year Charles stayed home and Greg took three friends. Then he started contacting cyclists all over the country, and entries went from eight in 1964 to 750 in 1968 and on up. This year a 76-year-old man completed the 210 miles; two 7-year-old boys did it, the youngest ever to solo; and a 5-year-old girl, Bonnie Harris of Warren, N.H., rode the whole tour on the back of her father's tandem bicycle. She developed chicken pox in a rainstorm going down, but a doctor said she could continue, and even with the chicken pox she finished in better shape than when she started. The health faddists will draw a moral from that.

Greg Siple missed TOSRV this year, for the first time ever. One could call him a graduate of the tour. This Sunday he leaves with his wife June and another couple for Circle, Alaska, 50 miles south of the Arctic Circle and the northernmost point on the American road system. There they began *Hemistour*, a 20,000-mile, two-year bike trek to Tierra del Fuego on the southern tip of South America.

In recent years the big man of TOSRV has been a 40-year-old Columbus computer programmer named Charlie Pace, who all but pedals each rider to and from Portsmouth. Without Pace there would be no tour. As one admirer says, "If everyone in America had Charlie's energy it would take only 12 people to run the country." But this year, in talking of next spring's tour, he kept saying if . . . if we have one next year. He says that he likes to eat and, half seriously, that he will lose his job if the tour gets any bigger.

Bigness is not something that particularly worries Larry Patrick, Pace's 23-year-old counterpart in Atlanta. Since its inception in 1969, the Ramblin' Raft Race and Patrick have been virtually one and the same. Now that the event is attracting 5,000, Patrick is on the lookout for larger game. He graduates from Georgia Tech this fall, and already two national firms, Miller Malt and Recreationics (a raft maker), have offered him jobs promoting raft races and similar spectacles in other parts of the country. Says Patrick, "Now I want to see how big I can make something else."

Maybe he should try the Scioto River at bicycle tour time.

END

GIVE AN A-PLUS TO BEE BEE BEE

Derby Winner Riva Ridge flunked the test in the Preakness, and top marks went instead to a colt that had been so outdistanced by his class early in the season that few believed he could make the grade **by WHITNEY TOWER**

The seventh race at Pimlico last Saturday offered a modest \$12,000 purse in honor of the 1971 Preakness victor, Cannonero. A 4-year-old gelding named Chateaufvire won the event and a small trophy for his owner, 33-year-old William S. Farish III. There was a smattering of applause as Farish received the prize and posed with Trainer Del Carroll and Jockey Eldon Nelson. Then, as the Houston financier and mining executive walked off, a friend shouted, "Hey, Will, that's half the day's work. Now go get the big one." The owner turned and agreeably underlined the obvious. "The eighth is a little tougher," he allowed.

And so it should have been, this 97th running of the Preakness. But the winning trio in the seventh was back an hour later receiving a far bigger trophy when Farish's 19-to-1 shot Bee Bee Bee ran away from Kentucky Derby hero Riva Ridge. This was not to be an occasion to chant "Viva Riva" or even "Viva Key to the Man!" (Paul Mellon's colt had been considered the most likely to succeed if the favorite failed).

Racing attendances are faltering in some parts of the country, but a record crowd of close to 50,000 squeezed into the ancient Baltimore course to cheer the Maryland-bred to his surprising vic-

tory. Some spectators, no doubt, remembered Bee Bee Bee had raced last fall at Timonium, a half-mile track out in the countryside. Bee Bee Bee had looked like a champion there, winning one start by 17 lengths, but when he appeared on the major tracks in Florida this past winter he had been outdistanced, trounced in one race by 20 lengths. Upper Case drubbed him by 7½ in the Florida Derby and Hold Your Peace overwhelmed him by 13 in the Flamingo. It was not until Bee Bee Bee shipped home to Maryland that he was able to win. He scored impressively in two minor events at Pimlico, a track he obviously favors.

Muddling Bee Bee Bee coats home in front, having ruined the reputations of (left to right) Na Le Hee, Riva Ridge and Key to the Man.



It rained steadily during most of the day and night before the Preakness and by post time the track was a slick lake. But Bee Bee Bee, with the 44-year-old Nelson up, seemed surefooted, leading nearly every step of the mile and 1/16 distance. Behind him the other colts were either staggering from fatigue or skidding in the slop. Bee Bee Bee had a four-length lead with only an eighth of a mile to go, a wide enough margin to hold off fast-finishing No Le Haze. This colt came from last place with a brave but futile run to be beaten a length and a half. Far behind him was Key to the Mint, who edged Riva Ridge by a neck for third money.

Some fun and a modicum of suspense preceded the latest Preakness upset. A facile rivalry exists between Lucien Laurin, who handles Riva Ridge, and his longtime friend Elliott Burch, the trainer of Key to the Mint. While the two horsemen held court at opposite ends of Barn E, there were few visitors to Barn 7 on the backstretch except Farish and his family. Occasionally someone who was adrift and looking for the stakes barn would stop by to ask where the glamour colts were stabled.

The suspense, such as it was, hung precariously on Laurin's intentions for Upper Case, a stablemate of Riva Ridge. The trainer entered his second-string colt, who relishes sloppy going, in the Preakness; then scratched him on the morning of the race when there was enough slop to fill in part of the Grand Canyon. Laurin said he was saving Upper Case for another big race in the next two weeks and that Owner Mrs. Penny Tweedy had told him, "Let's win this fair and square. Let's aim high with just one—the colt we know is the best." Other horsemen thought Upper Case would improve so much in the mud that he might actually win and thereby spoil his stablemate's chances for a Triple Crown. But the most likely explanation for the delayed decision regarding Upper Case was that Laurin, like any trainer looking for two slices of the \$187,300 purse, always wanted to run an entry, but that Mrs. Tweedy, after consulting with her turf adviser, A. B. (Bull) Hancock, had decided well in advance of Preakness Day to go it alone with Riva. Slop or no slop, Upper Case was kept in the race until the final moment only as insurance in case an injury befell Riva Ridge.



Nelson wears his years and flowers well.

As he had been prior to the Derby, Laurin was criticized by some for not working his colt sufficiently before the Preakness. The trainer defended his schedule and said, "Riva is hard as a board and fit as any horse I've ever seen. If anything, I've done too much with him." While fully believing the colt could cope with any kind of running surface, Laurin had two concerns. He confided to friends that Riva might not like his races close together. The Derby, easy as that victory seemed, had been just two weeks before. Laurin's second worry, which he concealed from none, was Elliott Burch: "I'm always frightened of him. I was when I had Dike and he had Arts and Letters in the 1969 Derby. We both were defeated by Majestic Prince, but Burch beat me for second."

This rivalry was only to be a supporting element in the drama of the Preakness. From the start Bee Bee Bee was after the leading role. Breaking from the outside, Eldon Nelson urged his colt in front as the field sped past the stands the first time. Eager Exchange tried to force the pace but quickly gave up, and Key to the Mint and Riva Ridge took up the pursuit. Laurin thought Riva had a rough trip during the early part of the race, but Rider Ron Turcotte later declared, "Sure, my colt broke in something of a tangle, but there was never contact with another horse. His only excuse was the muddy going, which I thought he'd like, but which he showed us he didn't." Key to the Mint had the same alibi.

With this pair steadily tracking Bee Bee Bee up the backstretch, the prospect of a tremendous stretch battle was bright. And suddenly there was No Le Haze, a late-coming second in the Kentucky Derby, getting into gear. Some-

where around the quarter pole the script came to pieces. Riva Ridge and Key to the Mint had drawn within two lengths of Bee Bee Bee when they abruptly withered. Now the front-runner opened up a wide lead and, though No Le Haze looked impressive overtaking the two tired pursuers, there was no way he was going to reach the winner in time. "Maybe not," conceded No Le Haze's jockey, Phil Rubbecco, "but when those two colts stopped right in front of me at the head of the stretch, I had to pull wide, and it cost me two or three lengths."

The winning Preakness team is not unknown. Eldon Nelson may not be Shoe-maker but he has ridden some fine horses during his career. Farish, whose father owns the Lazy F Ranch in South Texas, has been interested in horses most of his life. Members of his family—his aunt, Mrs. Edward Gerry, and one of his in-laws, Bayard Sharp—have had notable racing success. When he became involved in racing, it was only natural that Farish, a four-goal polo player, chose as his trainer Del Carroll, one of the few high-goal poloists still active in the U.S. Carroll had gained a certain measure of renown in 1966 with his handling of a gutsy colt named Abe's Hope, who very nearly beat Buckpasser in the Flamingo and who a month later (also in deep mud) handed Graustark the only defeat of his short and sweet career.

Last winter, when Chicagoan William Miller, a former Illinois racing commissioner, was involved in a racetrack scandal, he packaged his 20 horses in training and sold the lot to Farish. Included in the group was Bee Bee Bee, a full brother to Abe's Hope, who had won five of nine races and \$45,602 as a 2-year-old. Carroll soon noticed that the son of Better Bee was not a good shipper and decided not to rush him to the Kentucky Derby. "I'm not even sure," he said after the Preakness, "if we'll get to the Belmont. It's a long season, and we are in no great hurry."

As the raucous came on again Preakness night, Mrs. Tweedy and her lawyer husband Jack were asked the obvious question, "Are you sorry now you didn't start an entry?" Mrs. Tweedy smiled. "You know," she said quietly, "I'm running the race over and over in my mind, and all I can see this time, as they turn for home is . . . Upper Case . . . Upper Case . . . Upper Case."

END

CIRCLE THE WAGONS, INDIAN UPRISING!

*A long dormant Lake Erie tribe is
on the move* **by RON FIMRITE**

How do you eat an elephant?" Nick Mileti asked at lunch one day last week. "One bite at a time. Right?" Right. Mileti, who is president of, among other things, the Cleveland Indians, was not discussing the fare at his favorite Pewter Mug restaurant (actually, he was munching a deluxe cheeseburger at the time), he was talking about his baseball team, which has been devouring its opponents in the American League East all season. No one expects the Indians to eat the whole thing, but the fact that they have already gotten their teeth into such elephantine foes as Detroit and Baltimore may be the most surprising development in baseball this season. After last year's famine, who could have anticipated that they would have the stomach for it?

The 1971 Indians finished last in their division by losing the most games (102) while drawing the fewest fans (591,361) in the league. There was much serious talk about moving them to New Orleans. And no one in Cleveland—or even New Orleans—seemed to care.

But as Mileti himself might put it, times do change. The 1972 Indians are a new breed, with new ownership, a new manager and a new lineup with a penchant for doing something decidedly new in recent Cleveland baseball history—winning.

The team's three best starting pitchers—Gaylord Perry, Milt Wilcox and



Duck Tidrow—were, respectively, in San Francisco, Cincinnati and Wichita a year ago. The first baseman, Tom McCraw, who is playing for the injured 1971 Rookie of the Year, Chris Chambliss, was in Washington, along with the centerfielder, Del Unser. The rightfielder, 20-year-old Buddy Bell, and the second baseman, 22-year-old Jack (The Hammer) Brohamer, were both in Wichita. And the leftfielder, fallen Angel Alex Johnson, was in the baseball equivalent of purgatory.

Altogether, they have given good, drcar Cleveland something to cheer about. Mileti, the head of a group that acquired controlling interest in the Indians from Restaurateur Vernon Stoofer, took command one day before the players' strike. The Indians go nicely with the Cleveland Cavaliers basketball team and the Cleveland Barons hockey team, which Mileti also runs. The whole shebang fits into what the sesquipedalian Mileti chooses to call his "synergistic concept," which simply means the three teams will all work in concert to woo the public. Mileti's busy sales force hustles tickets for all of them.

Mileti is a short, dark, dynamic 41-year-old who is hopelessly addicted to aphorisms such as "Everything you do in life, good or bad, comes back to bite you in the rear" and "The alternative to hard work is unemployment." He is one of the most popular men in Cleveland. But he cannot take credit for what is happening on the field, since most of the new players and the new manager, Ken Aspromonte, were there before he was. The credit here belongs to Aspromonte, a sensitive and philosophical Brooklynite bent on giving his players the advantages he never had. He is convinced that his own relatively undistinguished major league career was frustrated by bad management.

"If somebody would've handled me right," he has said, "I could have been a darn good ballplayer. But I never had the right guy managing me. I just hope I'm the right guy for some of these kids."

Last year Aspromonte managed the Cleveland farm team at Wichita, where he watched many of the forlorn varsity players pass through en route to oblivion and where he envisioned replacing them with his own eager young stars. When he was hired to manage the In-

dians, he instantly set about changing the mood of the clubhouse.

"I told everyone I was going to hold a competitive spring training. I always liked to be told that when I was a player. But it didn't happen often enough. I'd be ready to go out and win a job in spring training and then I'd find out the lineup was settled long before I left home."

Nothing was settled before the Indian camp this spring. Brohamer, who had to fight for a job even in the minor leagues, emerged from a five-man competition as the starting second baseman. He is an Eddie Stanky type, minus the truculence, who will beat you in many ways. In a game last week against the Yankees he walked with the bases loaded to "drive" in the winning run in the last of the ninth inning. Brohamer was elated, even by this non-act, and afterward he politely answered a memorable locker room question posed by *The Cleveland Press*'s Bob Sudyk: "What kind of pitch didn't you hit?" "Fastball," said Brohamer, "low and away."

Tidrow and Wilcox were also spring bloomers. Tidrow started last year in Reno, then was promoted to Wichita, where he had a so-so 8-6 year. Now, at 25, he has come of age. He is also one of those rare pitchers who becomes more effective when he is fatigued. "I throw a sinker," he says, "and for some reason the more tired I get the more the ball seems to sink."

The secret of Wilcox's success is not exhaustion but anger. He has been pitching "mad" all season because his former manager, Sparky Anderson, spoke slightly of his "velocity" when he traded him to the Indians. If there is anything a pitcher is sensitive about it is his velocity. So the madder Wilcox gets, the harder he throws. He has now established quite a ferocity-velocity ratio.

In Perry, for whom they traded Sam McDowell, the Indians have a canny veteran who already has won seven games. Perry is also arousing the sleuthing instincts of American League umpires, for it has long been suspected that he puts more on the baseball than his fingers—hair oil, perhaps, or Vaseline. Perry accepts periodic investigations with equanimity. "Every four days," he says, "I expect to be visited out there."

The happiest newcomer of all may be young Bell, who is the son of Gus Bell, the fine outfielder for Pittsburgh and Cin-

cinnati in the '50s and early '60s. Bell had been an infielder all his baseball life until this spring, when Aspromonte moved him to right field to make certain he had a place in the lineup. Aspromonte believes he has superstar potential. At least he looks like one.

"Every now and then you see somebody who just looks like a ballplayer," says Aspromonte. "Mantle was one. This kid is another. Tall, blond, well built. He just puts a shine in your eyes. Put that kid on the screen and the girls would go wild."

Bell, who was the American Association's Rookie of the Year in 1971, has not lost his rookie enthusiasm. When he hit a grand-slam home run off Baltimore's Eddie Watt last month, he gleefully applauded himself as he rounded the bases. "I thought I did a helluva job," he said later.

Alex Johnson does not applaud himself when he hits a homer, nor will he suffer the congratulations of his teammates on such occasions, but he is gring the Indians something to shout about. He leads the team in home runs and runs batted in, and he is chasing fly balls and running the bases, facets of the game he chose not to recognize a year ago in California. The hostile brooder of that time has become, relatively speaking, the soul of affability. Not that Johnson gladdens his teammates or snaps towels in the shower, he simply keeps his distance. "They leave him alone here," says Catcher Jerry Moses, who went to Cleveland with Johnson from the Angels. "That's what he wants." Johnson is not likely to be suspended this season for failing to give his best. He is, in fact, one good reason why the Indians are riding a tide of goodwill in a town that would not have cared much if they had been washed into Lake Erie a year ago.

The fans have not exactly been breaking down the barricades to see the new Indians—so far attendance has exceeded 10,000 only four times in 14 home dates—but Cleveland has had unusually bad weather this spring and it will take time for the people to accustom themselves to a winner. Mileti, ever the aphorist, recognizes that much remains to be done.

"Between every dream and every reality," he says, "there are 2,000 nuts and bolts."

And please hold the mustard on that elephant. **END**

The new Alex Johnson, once a noted dandy, hustles down to first for the new Indians.

In Washington, a congressional committee is conducting hearings into the involvement of organized crime in sport. The name most heard is not that of a mobster, but a corporation—Emprise—whose sports investments may exceed those of any company in the world. Here is Emprise—from the beginning to today



TONY DANALLO, a New York Mafia figure, got Louie's aid in a slot-machine deal.



JAMES PLUMERI, New York labor racketeer, was financed by Louie in boxing ventures.



JERRY CATENA, a New York Mafia don, had a hot million that Louie helped him invest.

LOOK WHAT LOUIE WROUGHT

by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**
and **MORTON SHARNIK**

The old man is dead now, and the empire he built on hot dogs and peanuts is under fire and in danger of coming down on the heads of his sons, whom the old man tried to make in his image. The empire itself is a phenomenon, extending almost unnoticed beneath the structure of American sport, like a vast catacomb. To understand the empire one must appreciate the late emperor. His friends called him Louie, or L. M., and they knew him as a very attentive listener. In conversation he would often stop himself in midsentence to listen because, he told his sons, "I already know what I have to say, so I listen and learn what the other person has to say." He listened, typically, to Danny Menendez one night calling from Toledo. Menendez was dispirited. He said the baseball franchise he owned in Toledo was in deep trouble. "Mr. Jacobs," he said, "I'm going under." The train from Buffalo to Chicago made a stop in Toledo. The old man said he would be on the train that night and for Menendez to be there when it reached Toledo at 4 a.m. It was winter. Menen-



ERVICE

dez stood on the platform, pounding his hands against the sides of his topcoat, when the train pulled in. The old man got off in his pajamas and slippers and bathrobe. He handed Menendez a check, turned and got back on the train.

The Toledo franchise survived, and Louie Jacobs (*see cover*) continued to sell his hot dogs and peanuts there. And he sold them in many other ball parks, he and his two older brothers Marvin and Charley, first under the name Jacobs Brothers, then as Sportservice. And whenever there was an owner in distress, Louie Jacobs seemed always to be nearby, listening, subjecting himself to lamentations, and then accepting an offer to borrow some of Sportservice's money in return for extended concession rights.

Bill Veeck was a regular visitor to the second-floor office at 703 Main Street in Buffalo, where the old man worked fur into the night and all day Sunday. Veeck and Louie Jacobs were signature-to-signature through Veeck's franchise deals (Milwaukee, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago) from the 1930s on. Veeck has said that whenever he had a financial problem, "I did what any man of minimal intelligence would do. I took it to Louie Jacobs." Lots of baseball men did. For instance, Connie Mack took it to Jacobs in 1951 when his Athletics were floundering in Philadelphia, and Louie responded with \$250,000, interest free, and later helped Mack sell the club, which moved to Kansas City. Louie Jacobs' largess seemed inexhaustible. The Jacobs brothers became known as the angels of baseball.

Unorthodox angels, to be sure. In their youth, they had been shaped by poverty. The Jacobses were from the Delancey Street area of New York's Lower East Side, the sons of an immigrant Polish tail-

coastward

LOUIE JACOBS, the father of it all, who went from hot dogs to Sportservice to an empire.



JACK TOCCO, a capo in Detroit's Mafia, is an associate of Empire in Harel Park track.



RAYMOND PATRIARCA, New England Mafia boss, was glad to help an old pal meet Louie.



JOE CATALDO, a jailed mobster, had Louie's money when he went gunning for a track.



ANTHONY ZERILLI, son of Mafia don, was convicted with Empire in casino conspiracy.



lor. There were six in the family that moved to Buffalo at the turn of the century, with train tickets for only five. One little Jacobs was sent to the washroom whenever the conductor came around. As a small boy, Louie Jacobs had hawked peanuts at the ball park in Buffalo and popcorn at the Gaiety Theater, a burlesque house, and the brothers sold papers and shined shoes and rented canoes at Delaware Park Lake. Not only did they learn the value of money, but how to wield it. Money was a crowbar. It opened doors. It opened concession booths. And it kept them open.

The Jacobs brothers' first big-league concession contract was with the Detroit Tigers in 1927. Louie went to Detroit and lived with his employees there, hovering over the syrup dispensers and the formula mixes for the hot dogs, and when the season was over he had grossed twice as much as the previous concessionaire. Then Louie did an extraordinary thing. He wrote out a check for \$12,500 and took it to Frank Navin, who owned the Tigers.

"What's this for?" said Navin.

"You made a bad contract," said Louie Jacobs. "You deserve more than you were guaranteed."

As Jacobs hoped he would, Navin spread the word among his fellow owners. "Do you know what Louie Jacobs did . . . ?" In baseball, as Louie once observed, "everyone is a brother." The brotherhood beat a path to Louie's door in Buffalo, and Louie listened. His logic was inescapable: a man cannot sell peanuts in a shutdown ball park.

As angels go, Louie Jacobs was not much to look at. A short man, barely 5'8", with gleaming black eyes and a fleshy nose, he wore steel-rimmed glasses and affected gruff mannerisms to make himself seem older. (At 15 he had been arrested for hiring boys to run cabs for him in Buffalo; under the law, he was too young to be an employer.) Even when he became acquainted with riches, Louie Jacobs was loath to appear ostentatious. His wardrobe consisted of 10 dark suits, each with two pairs of pants, purchased in a bunch once every 10 years. He never had a personal bank account. He did not take vacation trips to Europe. He did not own a summer place. "The same sun shines in Buffalo," he said.

Eventually Louie arranged his corporation's ownership so that he became an employee of two of his sons, Jeremy and

Max. He was an employee, but he was preeminent. Jeremy Jacobs, the youngest son and their apparent, learned at his father's feet.

The old man operated almost exclusively in the sanctuary of a cramped little office at 703 Main. The neighborhood is deteriorating now, and Main Street is a cheerless place. A bus depot is across the street, and nearby are a tuxedo-rental store, an athletic-goods store and the Palace, which specializes in X-rated movies. The decaying building at 703 Main nevertheless remains the hub of the empire. It has changed little since 1948 when the Jacobses moved in, except that Louie's office is being renovated. The old office was so small that if three men were sitting there two had to get up for one to make it to the adjoining bathroom. It was from this command post, and at his table at the 31 Club on Johnson Place, where he occasionally took friends like Vecek for a beer, that the old man quietly constructed his empire. It was hard work. He could be reached at almost any hour. In turn, he did not hesitate to call others, checking on things, seeing how the empire was doing in Pittsburgh, say. One evening, while eating a sandwich, he called Myron O'Briskey, his concession man with the Pirates.

"Louie," Myron said, "what are you doing?"

"I'm eating dinner, Myron."

"With who?"

"With you, Myron."

A hideous health could not truly keep Jacobs from 703 Main. He once said, "I catch cancerous conditions and heart attacks like most people catch colds." There were nine major illnesses all told. The day after one of a series of heart attacks, he left the hospital and went to the office. His doctors, accustomed to the uncommon will of this uncommon man, had agreed that the anguish of being kept away would do him more harm. Jacobs once told Cincinnati Red Olen Bill DeWitt he lived for work. "It's not only my life," he said, "it's my hobby." He predicted he would die at his desk. He did, at 10 p.m. on a Tuesday evening in 1968.

The taproot of the empire, the last of the old Jacobs brothers, now lies in a tiny cemetery in Buffalo. Bill Vecek was one of the old man's pallbearers. In an editorial that appeared shortly afterward, *The Sporting News* proposed that Louie Jacobs and his brothers be given a special niche in the Hall of Fame at Co-

perstown for their contributions to baseball. "Jacobs money meant the difference between staying afloat and sinking for many a club," said *The Sporting News*. The Jacobses "put their money on the line," it added.

A couple of weeks later a seven-part series appeared in *The Buffalo Evening News* detailing, as best it could, what Louie Jacobs had achieved with money on the line. The theme of the *News'* panegyric was romantic, Horatio Alger stuff. But there had been method in the old man's magnanimity. The Jacobs Brothers of 1915, and Sportservice of 1948, had in 1961 become absorbed by the family's new holding company, Emprise, which in turn became what is thought to be the largest single investor-proprietor in the realm of sport.

Under the name of the principal Emprise subsidiary, Sportservice, the Jacobses are feeding the fans of seven major league baseball teams (Baltimore, Detroit, the Chicago White Sox, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Montreal); eight professional football teams (Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Washington and Green Bay, when it plays in Milwaukee); five professional basketball teams (Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee); four hockey teams (Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Kansas City) and a number of minor league baseball and hockey teams. The Jacobses have the concessions at more than 50 horse and dog tracks in the U.S. and Canada, plus 10 more in England and Puerto Rico. They have contracts with jai-alai fronts, bowling alleys, horse shows, golf tournaments and ski lodges. In 1960 they were the concessionaires for the Rome Olympics.

But more important, they had taken a further giant step: they had vaulted the hot-dog counter into the front office. In 1963 Jeremy Jacobs obtained controlling interest in the Cincinnati Royals and the Cincinnati Gardens, where the Royals played. The Jacobses owned stock (off and on) in the Buffalo Bisons of the International League and in the Buffalo franchise in the American Hockey League. Emprise holds stock, bonds or debentures in at least 19 separate par-mutual entities, including controlling interest in the Buffalo raceway; Finger Lakes raceway (N.Y.); Latonia raceway (Ky.); Miles Park (Ky.); Southland dog track in West Memphis; Daytona Beach (Fla.) Kennel Club; Daytona Beach Jai-

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Alai Fronton, Melbourne (Fla.) Jai-Alai Fronton; Centennial Turf Club (Colo.); and, in Arizona, all six greyhound tracks and until recently two of the three thoroughbred tracks. That is the imposing sum of what Louie had achieved by living and dying at his desk. The name of the corporation told the story. Enterprise and empire: Emprise.

In keeping with the old man's modus operandi, Emprise money rolled out as fast as it rolled in, fertilizing the empire's pastures. (Louie once told a potential partner, "Anytime you want more than \$3 million, give us 24 hours' notice. Any less than that sum, we'll get you immediately.") While stadium patrons from Seattle to Orlando, Fla., were helping make Sportservice a \$100 million-a-year operation by devouring 20 million hot dogs, gulping 30 million soft drinks, guzzling 25 million cups of beer and shelling five million bags of peanuts, the company's private loan office—Louie's crowbar—was shelling out. Besides numerous unpublicized loans to franchise owners, there was help of such sensational magnitude it could not pass unnoticed.

The Jacobses loaned \$2 million to the new Montreal Expos, virtually a second mortgage according to Club Secretary-Treasurer Harry Renaud. An exclusive 10-year concession contract with option to renew for Sportservice went with the deal. A loan of \$2 million was extended to the Seattle Pilots. When that team moved to Milwaukee in 1970, an additional \$500,000 was added. Along with it came the 25-year concession agreement with Sportservice. In St. Louis, a \$12 million guarantee (at \$400,000 a year) was made by Sportservice to help the city secure financing for Busch Memorial Stadium. The money is so vital that city authorities are worried about the whole stadium financial structure should Emprise be forced out of the picture. Another \$1.2 million was invested by Emprise in concession booths and equipment. *Quid pro quo*: Sportservice got a 30-year concession contract.

Meanwhile, Emprise, the "parent" company set up so that Sportservice's operations could be limited basically to sports concessions, had spread far and wide. Within the body of the conglomerate were, by company account, 162 different corporations. (Estimates by those who have had reason to track Emprise's growth through the maze of its subsidiaries say the total may be four times that

big.) Today there are more than 70,000 Emprise employees working in 39 states, Canada, England and Puerto Rico. They are staffing the candy counters in some 300 theaters, selling programs at opera houses, providing in-flight meals for airlines, running vending machines in the New York subway system, operating drive-in theaters and airport restaurants. As *The Buffalo Evening News* pointed out in 1968, the Jacobses could make a traveling man's day complete: cut his hair, shine his shoes, serve him a cocktail and a steak, sell him a bouquet for his wife, a toy to take home to the baby and a book to read en route.

The reams of all this passed totally into the hands of Jeremy Jacobs and his brother Max in the summer of 1968. Jeremy was 28. He had spent 14 years of intimate apprenticeship with his father. Max Jacobs was 31. Two years previously he had come home, the prodigal, from an acting career on Broadway where 348 consecutive performances as a South African policeman in *The Zulu* and *The Zayda* had "taxed my sanity." The old man had told Max that his place was with his brother in the company—either that or sell out. Max joined the team. When the old man died, Max said, "We took a vote. It was 2-0 in favor of Jerry being the president." Max became executive vice-president and secretary, and soon afterward was made chairman of the board of the Cincinnati Royals.

That was the winter of 1968. Now it is the spring of 1972, and the Jacobses of Buffalo have not been called angels for quite some time. In the past two years they have, in fact, been called almost everything else. The old man's empire, so carefully constructed behind the veil afforded a totally owned "family business," has been under virtual siege since March 4, 1970 when an Arizona Congressman in cowboy boots named Sam Steiger read into the *Congressional Record* a speech he called, "Emprise: A Lesson in Corporate Calumny." Steiger charged that Emprise was riddled with corruption, that it exerted its corruptive influence to gain concession advantages, hidden control and sometimes overt control of sports franchises throughout the country and, most damning of all, that it worked its will hand-in-hand with organized crime.

Although in some cases Steiger was reaching—and overreaching—he named names. He read into the *Congressional*

Record the identity of underworld characters he said had come within the widening circle of Emprise's business dealings over the years: Sam Tucker of River Downs Raceway in Ohio, a member of the "Purple Gang"; Moe Dalitz of Cleveland, identified by the Kefauver Committee years ago as a leading hoodlum; Raymond Patriarca, head of the New England Mafia; Big Bill Liss (now deceased) of Wheeling Downs racetrack and Shenandoah Downs in West Virginia, a man whom the U.S. Immigration Department once tried to deport as an undesirable alien. Steiger cited Emprise's 12½ interest in Hazel Park, outside Detroit, as a flagrant example of its dealings with the Mafia. He pointed out that the board of directors at Hazel Park included Anthony J. Zerilli, president; Giacomo (Jack) W. Tocco, executive vice-president; and, until July 25, 1969, Dominick P. (Fats) Corrado. The three—Zerilli, Tocco and Corrado—had been identified by the McClellan Committee as members of the Detroit Mafia, he said.

There were other unsavory associations, ones of which Steiger was unaware and which have never—until now—come to light. According to James (Jimmy Doyle) Plumeri, a New York shylock and labor racketeer who was murdered last year, Louie Jacobs furnished financial backing for boxers controlled by Plumeri and the notorious Frankie Carbo during the 1950s. Jacobs' funding of Plumeri enabled him to use Plumeri's labor clout, along with that of another mobster, Johnny Dio, to head off strikes at sports sites. Plumeri once told of how back in Prohibition days Louie Jacobs financed the purchase of rum-running boats that brought booze from Canada to Buffalo.

In another episode, Louie financed the purchase by Russell Bufalino, a notorious eastern Pennsylvania hood, of four amusement parks in the Pittsburgh area in 1959. Patriarca provided the entrée to Jacobs for Bufalino. In 1962 Gerardo (Jerry) Catena, the successor to Vito Genovese in the New York Mafia, arranged for Louie to fund an attempt by Joe (The Wop) Cataldo—a New York gangster currently in prison—to gain control of the Finger Lakes track.

The young Jacobs brothers have admitted that there were dealings with some of those Steiger named, but claim they were old and hardly reprehensible ones. Sam Tucker's "interest" in River Downs, protested Max, terminated in

continued

1936, "a year before I was born." Big Bill Liss, he said, was loaned \$50,000 by the Jacobses in the '40s. "He owned a race-track, and he needed the money. He paid it back. With interest."

As for Zenilli and Tocco, said Max Jacobs, indeed there had been a loan, a big one—\$256,000—in 1956, "when I was on the stage at Catholic University and Jerry was playing football for Amherst High." Sportservice had become the concessionaire at Hazel Park in 1949. When stock was made available seven years later, Zenilli and Tocco came to Louis Jacobs for financial backing—just as Veeck and Mack had. For every two shares they purchased with Jacobs' money, Louis was allowed to purchase one. Emprise wound up with 12% of the stock. The loan was paid off in December 1960, Max said. According to the Subcommittee on Criminal Laws and Procedures headed by John McClellan, in 1960 Zenilli and Tocco were members of the Detroit Mafia. Zenilli is the son of a Mafia don and married to a daughter of Joseph Profria, the Brooklyn Mafia boss whose organization was taken over by Joseph Colombo. Zenilli and Tocco never had been convicted of a crime, protested Max earlier this year. (A status Zenilli no longer can claim.) "Hazel Park is a public company, licensed by the SEC and traded over the counter," he added. "There are some 1,200 stockholders. How does that give

me criminal association unless Steiger also assumes that the banks that do business with Hazel Park, people who attend the track, insurance companies who underwrite it and the racing commission that licenses it are also doing business with organized crime?"

Arnold Weiss, a Jacobs attorney, put the matter of Zenilli and Tocco into absolute Emprise perspective when he once described them simply as "fine people."

Despite the inconsistencies in his attack and the heat from the Jacobses' counterattack, Steiger did not lay down his arms and ride off into the Arizona sunset after his first sensational salvo. Rather, as the months went by he repeated and expanded his charges, both on the floor of the House and off it. If he was vulnerable, it did not seem to bother him. In Congress he talked in theory as well as fact of the mob's need for "legitimate" business outlets, of the ease with which hot money can be hidden behind the blinds of concession booths and parking-lot kiosks, where no receipts are taken, no cash registers used. Nor is it true, as the Jacobses have suggested, that he confined his attacks to the House floor, where he is immune from suits of libel or slander.

Nonetheless, Steiger admitted privately that he had done some of his shooting from the hip—that the heart of his case was guilt by association. He lacked the investigative resources to go farther. He hoped, he said, "to make enough noise so that somebody in the right places will listen and do something. These are bad people." Guilt by association with bad people, he said, was enough to get such sports celebrities as Joe Namath, Denny McLain, Paul Hornung and Alex Karras in a lot of trouble. "How then is it possible," he asked, "for it not to be a greater peril if sports ownership is doing business with the mob?" He warned that the machinery was there, in the innocent-looking form of the family concessionaires of Buffalo, for a massive manipulation of American sport.

Congressman Steiger's attacks caused displeasure. His motives and reputation were brought under severe attack, which he had expected. And his telephone was tapped, which he might well have expected but did not. Last week the House Select Crime Committee heard testimony

from the tapper, one George Johnson. He said the wiretap of Steiger's phone had been authorized by the Funk family of Arizona, which with Emprise has large holdings in several of the state's dog and horse tracks. Johnson testified one of the Funks had told him the private investigation of Steiger had "been approved by." Emprise President Jerry Jacobs. Johnson said he was paid more than \$16,000 for his investigative work, with most of his checks coming from dog tracks owned jointly by the Funks and Emprise. He quit the job, he testified, when he decided it was a case of "strictly political blackmail... a black jack kind of thing." Johnson's testimony was immediately denied by an Emprise attorney, who said Johnson was "seriously, seriously ill."

Steiger's initial attacks in 1970 soon drew a chorus of accompaniment. Racing commissions and off-track betting commissions in five states ordered hearings into Emprise's affairs, and gave Steiger a chance to repeat his accusations. Steiger vs. the Jacobs brothers became a road show, first in New Mexico in February 1970, then in Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana and Arizona. Max Jacobs called Steiger a "conscious and intentional liar and fraud." Max claimed a total victory at the hearings: "He ran and ran." Steiger admitted defeat only in Florida where, "They clobbered me."

Meanwhile, the Justice Department and the IRS began investigations of their own. Papers were filed by the Justice Department in a federal court in Buffalo last December to obtain Emprise's financial records. Emprise fought the request in court and lost. Both antitrust and labor-law violations are subjects of the Justice Department probe.

Then, early this year, after conspicuous hesitation, the offices of the commissioners of major league baseball and the National Basketball Association announced that they, too, were delving into the activities of their old benefactors. NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy—the same Walter Kennedy who had written a letter vouching for the character of the Jacobses last May prior to an Arkansas Racing Commission hearing—announced he had the Smith & Wesson detective agency gunning for the truth about Emprise. Steiger had appeared before a Senate subcommittee on the proposed NBA merger with the American Basketball Association



CONGRESSMAN STEIGER, foe of Emprise, is now careful on his phone—it was tapped.

TODAY'S JACOBS BROTHERS—co-actor Max (taxonomy) and Jeremy, the head of Emprise.

and attacked the Jacobses' ownership of the Royals.

The dragnet widened. In Washington last February, the House Select Committee on Crime (including in its number Sam Steiger) was empowered to examine the IRS tax records and "related documents" of Emprise and the Jacobs brothers, as well as those of the Bully Manufacturing Company (the country's largest maker of pinball and slot machines) and nine prominent mob figures, including Zerilli, his father Joseph, Corrado, Tocco, Patriarca and Catena. According to a Security and Exchange Commission document, Emprise and Catena were once major shareholders of the slot-machine company—then known as Lion Manufacturing. According to the SEC, Emprise indeed was the largest single stockholder, controlling the business by virtue of a voting trust agreement resulting from a \$1 million bank loan to Lion in 1963. On the record, a Barnett Sugarman and an Abe Green each owned 250 shares of Lion stock, but a side agreement between Green and Sugarman gave one-third to Catena. Patriarca also has had an interest in the corporation. Max Jacobs says that his father had Emprise invest in Lion because of "a good coffee machine" it made, but that Louie sold out when the true nature of Lion's operation was discovered. Catena sold his stock in 1965 at more than a \$140,000 profit.

Tony (Ducks) Corallo, a New York Mafia figure, has another version of the Lion venture: Coffee machines, good or bad, do not enter into it. From the beginning, he says, it was to be Catena's deal. Catena needed \$1 million to take over the amusement device corporation. He had the money in cold cash, but he could not use it without risking prosecution for tax evasion. To oblige Catena, Louie Jacobs guaranteed a \$1 million loan that set up the purchase of the company. Two years later, as another favor to Catena, Louie sold his interest in Lion.

Louie's fascination with slot machines did not end there. In 1966 lines of credit and loans guaranteed by Louie provided the financing for Corallo's own abortive attempt to operate slot machines and pinball games in England.

Then, on April 26, just about one month ago, old Louie's empire received



a staggering blow. Emprise, Anthony Zerilli, Michael Polizzi, who is another Detroit Mafia figure, Peter Bellanca, the secretary of Hazel Park, and three others were convicted by a federal jury in Los Angeles on charges of criminally conspiring to obtain secret ownership of the Frontier casino-hotel in Las Vegas. Zerilli was convicted on seven other counts, Polizzi on five, Bellanca on six, with the maximum penalty on each count being five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Emprise was convicted of conspiracy only and is subject to a maximum fine of \$10,000. (This was the "old" Emprise, the Jacobses quickly point out now. There is a "new" Emprise as of 1970, at least legally speaking.)

It turns out this was not the first Emprise sortie into Las Vegas. In the 1950s, Louie Jacobs arranged lines of bank credit and several loans that enabled Moe Deltz to acquire the Stardust casino-hotel. Federal investigators have uncovered at least one loan from Louie to the Stardust of \$250,000.

The Los Angeles conviction could be viewed as a fairly petty matter—no Emprise employee was indicted, just the corporation—but Emprise is fighting

it furiously, and with good reason. Jeremy Jacobs says his father's good name is at stake. More to the point, the conviction could do irreparable harm to Emprise. Many state laws prohibit a convicted felon from major ownership in a pari-mutuel establishment, and others prohibit felons from obtaining liquor licenses.

The conviction had no sooner been handed down than several states began to move. The Michigan attorney general's office said it was preparing action against Emprise's liquor license at Hazel Park. The Louisiana State Racing Commission announced it was appointing a trustee to vote Emprise's stock in Jefferson Downs. Courtney Goodman Jr., the Missouri liquor-control supervisor, said he was delaying the renewal of Emprise's liquor license because of the California conviction. This could result in no Budweiser at Busch Memorial Stadium. Said Goodman, "The conviction means that they concealed assets and interests in Nevada. The obvious question is whether they have done the same thing in Missouri." Goodman, who earlier had initiated his own investigation into Emprise,

continued

reported receiving threatening phone calls. One caller told him: "Empire is none of your business, and if you are smart you'll stop the investigation."

Equally ominous, from the Empire point of view, is the fact that professional sport needs no laws or court actions to move against Empire. It has long been a tenet of organized sport that not only the reality of virtue but the appearance of virtue should be maintained. Guilt by association may have no legal standing, but professional sport, which polices itself—fitfully at times—professes great belief in the principle. And sport itself was at last beginning to take a hard look at Louie's empire.

Three weeks prior to the Los Angeles trial, the chief investigator for Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's office, Henry Fitzgibbon, began questioning those in California who might be able to give him leads into Empire. He said his investigation is being pursued nationwide. It surely will be spurred to a quicker pace by the California conviction and the testimony developing before the House Select Committee on Crime. If the irony of all this escapes the sons of the former angel of baseball, they could not escape the fact that some of Louie Jacobs' old friends and associates were turning against Empire. "The old man's dead, and the jackals are nipping at the heels of his sons," was the way one former associate put it.

Empire has had to go to court (or been taken there) on at least four occasions of late by sports-franchise owners trying to break concessions agreements they had decided were oppressive, and these defections could hardly be called enemies of Louie Jacobs. Bill Veeck is one. Veeck was taken to court by Jerry Jacobs in 1969. Veeck refused to accept Sportservice as his concessionaire when he purchased the bankrupt Berkshire (Mass.) Downs track for the purpose of using its racing dates at his Suffolk Downs meeting. Sportservice had a long-term concession contract with Berkshire, which it contended was valid even if Berkshire ran its dates at Suffolk Downs. The courts ruled in Veeck's favor. When Connie Mack's old Athletics, now the property of Charlie Finley, moved to Oakland in 1968, Sportservice's concession contract (tied to the A's by Louie Jacobs until 1983) supposedly went with it, but the agreement conflicted head on with a prior one between the Oakland Coliseum

and a concessionaire known as Volume Service. The A's are trying to shove Sportservice aside on the grounds that the old contract imposed restraint of trade. The courts have the case.

When the Pittsburgh Pirates moved into Three Rivers Stadium in July 1970 they abrogated a Sportservice contract that tied up concessions at Forbes Field until the 1990s. Sportservice had made substantial capital improvements at Forbes Field in return for a long-term agreement it claims goes wherever the franchise goes. A breach-of-contract suit has been filed by Sportservice against the Pirates. There were no calls in the night from Jerry Jacobs to see how the empire was doing in Pittsburgh.

The philosophy of an empire is planted early, and it is the philosophy that governs the growth, the effervescence. It may well be, therefore, that Max Jacobs says more than he realizes when he tells of his Uncle Charley.

Charley Jacobs was Louie's older brother. One afternoon when Charley was no more than 12 years old and shining shoes outside a bank in Lafayette Square in Buffalo, he got an idea. Why not have an exclusive contract? Charley strode into the office of the bank president and told him he would shine his shoes free every day if he and his brothers could have an exclusive shoeshine concession in the bank lobby. The president laughed and said no, but he let Charley shine his shoes.

It was, says Max Jacobs, the germ of a concept: the exclusive right, granted by seller to buyer in return for special privileges. That, in essence, was the philosophy of Louie's empire.

But wealth, Max says today, was not Louie's goal. What was? "Growth," says Max. Growth, of course, is one trouble that empires get into.

The competition in the concession business is keen. There are 11 major U.S. concessionaires. ARA Services, Inc. is reported to be the biggest, but Sportservice is the largest in sports, having passed the Stevens Brothers of New York, who got into the business in the early 1890s and were the original angels of the New York Yankees. Stevens had catered Yankee fans from 1904 to 1963 and has been the New York San Francisco Giant concessionaire since 1894. Stevens, ABC Consolidated Corp., Camcen Corp. and Servonation are Sportservice's principal

competition in sports concessions, and when a facility is available, chances are they will all bid, along with five or six others. Concessionaires turn over a percentage of their gross receipts to the club or stadium authority they are in business with; figures vary according to locale due to differences in overhead, labor costs, etc. In St. Louis, the Sportservice contract calls for 33% to be turned over at Busch Memorial Stadium, where gross concessions receipts exceed \$2.5 million a year. At Baltimore, by comparison, the gross is only \$1.4 million. Food prices are cheaper, and the sale of beer in the stands is prohibited.

It is the loans (or "advance rentals," in the concessionaire's term) that can make a sports mogul out of a hot dog man. Loans to clubs or franchise owners are not uncommon—"Everybody does it," says Max—and concessions contracts are often granted with the loans up front. The reason club owners borrow from concessionaires is simple: banks are loath to take investment risks in flagging franchises, but concessionaires are not, since a bankrupt team has no need for a concessionaire.

To insure the loan, the concessionaire extracts long-term rights, his investment being more or less proportionate to the time period in the contract.

Most concessions contracts are written with the clubs, a few with a stadium authority and still others with a municipality. Sportservice peanuts and hot dogs have followed the Athletics wherever they went (until now). In Washington, on the other hand, the old Senators left for Minneapolis in 1960, but Sportservice stayed on to serve its hot dogs to the few fans of the new Senators. Concessions are almost certain to make money no matter how good or bad the quality—the customer is a captive buyer—and certainly regardless of whether the team makes money or not. In Washington, Sportservice reportedly was netting close to a quarter of a million dollar profit a year on Bob Short's Senators, while the team was losing a not-so-small fortune: \$3 million in four years, claimed Short.

The secret of growth in the concession business, however, is how well you work the contract-loan combination. Sportservice's astounding evolution under Louie Jacobs is a tribute to his cunning in that area. Bill Veeck has said that he loved to deal with the old man over a beer but, "If you put it to him that you wanted to

continued

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sit down with your respective lawyers . . . and work out a deal with all the whereases and what ifs and 30-day escape clauses. Louie Jacobs would not rise from his chair the loser."

A former associate of Sportservice, an Eastern lawyer who admired the old man but does not share the view that his name should be on a plaque in the Hall of Fame, says this of Louie Jacobs: "He was a genius and an implacable man. He could stay alert longer than anyone I've ever seen. Twenty hours a day wasn't unusual. And he was exquisitely shrewd. He'd listen to a fellow's troubles and commiserate with him, clucking sympathetically until the poor fool knew his franchise or his track was going to be rescued. When it was over, old Louie had pulled off another one. Even in those sweet-charity baseball loans, the concession contract went on and on and on and on. No matter what happened to the franchise, Louie was in."

"In" for Emprise was a matter of degree, depending on the circumstances. Sometimes "in" was very deep but hard to see, like a thorn. When a Boston financial consultant attempted to buy the Rhode Island Auditorium and the Providence American Hockey League franchise in the late '60s and had the financing all arranged, a law-yrer representing his bank suddenly stopped him short. The bank had, at the 11th hour, discovered a prior agreement dating back to 1939 which gave Sportservice vested control of the franchise and stadium.

Under the terms of the covenant, his purchase was conditional on Sportservice's approval. The prior agreement was extraordinary. It granted Sportservice concessions rights and ultimate authority over any transfer or sale of the club for 60 years—to 1999. Later the Boston man found that the concessionaire also owned the land on which the arena was built.

Having discovered Sportservice's interests in Rhode Island hockey was hardly peanuts, the Boston man went to Buffalo to discuss the matter with an Emprise executive. He explained that because of the restrictions he could never get a bank to finance his purchase. The executive assured the Boston man that he had no problem at all. As long as he did business with Emprise he could get any financing he needed for a point under prime—cheaper than anywhere else. But the Boston man backed out. George M. Sage subsequently bought the Rhode

Island Auditorium. The fine print in that sales contract includes a 99-year concession agreement with Sportservice.

Sometimes the beneficiary of those low-interest loans came to regret the terms. The Latonia raceway contract with Sportservice reportedly gave the track an abnormally low 15% of the receipts. In 1960 a trustee in the track's bankruptcy case called the contract "burdensome." The 15% terms allegedly were not the result of a sweet loan to the track, but might have had a connection with Matt Wann Williamson, one of the original investors in the Cincinnati-area track. Williamson had pledged 30 brood mares to borrow several hundred thousand dollars to invest in Latonia. When Williamson defaulted on the loan, Louie Jacobs got the horses and sold them for a fraction of the value of the loan. And in the end he got what he wanted: a stake in Latonia, plus its concessions. Emprise wound up with the track. Bill Shoemaker, racing's leading jockey, had a small stock interest but sold out to Emprise in 1970. "Latonia is coming on and is going to be a real good track in the future," he said. "But I just don't like the people who run the track."

Cincinnati turned out to be an Elysian sports field for the Jacobses. Louie Jacobs was in on the building of the Cincinnati Gardens. When the Gardens ran into financial trouble, he invested more money and emerged as a 40% stockholder. Then in 1963 the Jacobses bought 40% more of the Garden stock and 56% of the Royals for \$402,500 from the estate of sportsman Thomas E. Wood. In total, the Jacobses had perhaps three-quarters of a million invested in a property that today is valued, totally, at \$13 million. Even in 1963 the extremely modest price paid for the Wood interests raised some knowing eyebrows.

The ownership of the Cincinnati Royals by the Jacobses may well force the National Basketball Association into an investigation that it has seemed singularly loath to pursue. Immediately after Emprise was convicted in the California case late last month, Chairman Sam J. Ervin Jr. of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which has been holding hearings on the proposed merger between the NBA and the ABA, said, "I think it is imperative that the Congress sees how Commissioner Kennedy handles the Cincinnati Royals situation before any . . . serious consideration is

given to reporting this basketball merger bill from the antitrust subcommittee. [For] not only was Emprise found guilty, but a necessary ingredient of that guilt involved intimate business dealings with known racketeers."

To date, Commissioner Kennedy has handled the situation thusly: "Now that a court of law has spoken . . . we will, if and when the verdict becomes final, reopen our inquiry of the Jacobs family and determine their qualifications to operate an NBA franchise."

Inquiries—opened, closed, reopened, reclosed—are the milestones that mark the trail of Emprise in the past decade. "They are a smooth, sophisticated outfit," says one member of the Louisiana organized-crime investigation section who spent months probing into Emprise, and that summarizes the findings almost everywhere: Michigan, Louisiana, Illinois, New Mexico, Arizona. . . . "And they specialize in confusion," he adds. All of these states have investigated Emprise, and its associations, but perhaps it is only when taken *in toto* that the results have much weight.

As with Hazel Park in Michigan, it was a racetrack that earned Emprise its Louisiana headlines. Jefferson Downs—ever a storm-tossed track; hurricane damage closed it in 1965 and it did not reopen until August of 1971—has never had the most savory of reputations. It is generally believed in Louisiana that any operation at Jefferson Downs needed at least the tacit approval of gangland boss Carlos Marcello, in whose field the track is located. A previous president of the track, C. Ray Edmonds, certainly thought so. He told the McClellan Committee in 1961 that his track had been overrun with bookies operating on the premises. Earlier he lodged a complaint where he thought he could get some action: with Marcello. What he did get, after cooperating with crime investigators, was repeatedly threatened and finally beaten up one night near the Town and Country Motel, which is Marcello's headquarters.

In 1954 Sportservice moved into Jefferson Downs, then called Magnolia Park, and in 1958, when the track was in bankruptcy, Sportservice felt it had interests there well worth protecting. According to astonishing testimony given before the Louisiana Racing Commission last summer, Sportservice protected itself in forthright fashion. The source of the in-

continued

formation was Robert Leacy, a former attorney and vice-president of Emprise. In an affidavit, Leacy said he would not testify before the commission personally because he feared for his life. But he told state organized-crime investigators, who did testify, that on behalf of Sportservice in 1959 he bribed former Louisiana Racing Commission Chairman Pete Menefee and then Governor Earl Long to influence the racing commission to look with favor on the interests of Sportservice when the track reopened.

Louisiana investigators say Leacy gives this account of the bribe: he was in Louisiana at the time of the bankruptcy proceedings, acting on behalf of Sportservice. He went to see Governor Long, who was sick and close to death at the time, at the governor's mansion. The governor wore buggy trousers held up by red garters, and a loose-fitting shirt. Leacy put \$10,000 on the governor's desk and turned away. When he turned back, the governor was stuffing the money in his shirt. Nor was there any shyness on the part of Racing Commission Chairman Menefee, who, said Leacy, also got a total of \$10,000.

The bribe charges made little stir in New Orleans. Ex-Commissioner Menefee, who was, until recently, the state conservation commissioner, emphatically denied he had accepted a bribe. Menefee said he did not even know Leacy. Max Jacobs remembers Leacy well enough, but he scoffs at the allegations. Max says the firm quit using Leacy when he "put the lag" on one of its clients, and suggests that Leacy's qualifications as a witness are in dispute.

Bribe or no, Emprise got what it wanted in Louisiana, and in December 1970 the corporation moved into control at Jefferson Downs. The head man supposedly was one John Masoni. Louisiana authorities were told in December 1970 that Masoni owned two-thirds of the stock, and Emprise held a minority interest. But in March 1971 Louisiana authorities had learned Emprise actually owned 1,988,228 shares of Jefferson Downs stock, which presumably was most of the two-thirds Masoni was supposed to have owned. So Emprise had majority control. In addition, investigation revealed that the land under Jefferson Downs is owned by the Daytona Beach (Fla.) Kennel Club, Inc. The Daytona owner of record: John Masoni. But Max Jacobs admits it is

Emprise that owns controlling interest in the kennel club. It also sells hot dogs there.

"We really thought Masoni was the big man at Jefferson Downs," says a Louisiana state police investigator. "Then a sharp little dude shows up giving orders to everybody. Finally he tees off a state steward, and we find the dude is a 'track consultant' who is getting a \$20,000 retainer from Emprise. So Emprise was calling the shots right along. That is a strange way to treat the state racing commission, keeping everybody in the dark, shuffling stock so you never know who owns what. In a deal like this, how can you control racing?"

In a deal like this, the Louisiana State Racing Commission decided you could control racing. After listening to the bribe testimony last June, plus every charge Congressman Steiger could muster in his efforts to link Emprise with organized crime, the commission deliberated 45 minutes and unanimously granted Emprise and Masoni 99 racing days at Jefferson Downs. According to a state investigator, a member of the Louisiana racing commission spent more time than that a while later at the funeral of Carlos Marcello's mother.

In his early attacks on Emprise, Congressman Steiger made references to another crime figure in the old man's past, a convicted swindler named Irwin S. (Big Sam) Wiedrick.

Wiedrick and Sportservice were linked in a venture at Cahokia Downs, a race-track in East St. Louis, Ill. The track was promoted by Big Sam, but he was forced to relinquish his shares in it when his past came to light. From the beginning, Louie Jacobs had the new track's concessions. When track management needed money for improvements in 1962 and 1963, there was Louie listening—and tendering a loan of \$200,000, which with accrued interest now totals more than \$300,000. Emprise was also granted a 30-year extension of its concession contract, which runs to the year 2004. A condition of the extension agreement is that each year after 1974 Emprise will write off \$10,000 of the outstanding debt.

Illinois records show that Emprise owns shares in the founding Land Trust that has title to the property on which the track is located. And Emprise owns more than 15,000 shares of common stock in Cahokia Downs, Inc.

Big Sam and Louie had done business

before. Since the late '40s the Jacobses have paid Wiedrick 5% of the concessions sales at another Illinois track, Maywood Park. Since 1968 Maywood Park has been trying to get out from under its agreement with Sportservice, a "from here to eternity contract" in the words of Illinois Racing Board Chairman Alexander MacArthur. In 1969 Maywood Park ordered Sportservice to get off the premises in 30 days. Sportservice went to court to defend its contract, and won the case. Maywood Park is appealing. Meanwhile, Big Sam keeps getting his 5%.

In 1965 Emprise and Wiedrick got together again, this time as partners in the building and operating of a track in Georgetown, Del. Emprise made a \$1,150,000 loan, and Wiedrick put up stock in another track as security for his share of the partnership. The deal went sour dramatically when Emprise discovered Big Sam had sold the stock and skipped. Emprise sued Wiedrick. Meanwhile, Jeremy Jacobs has testified before the Arizona and Arkansas Racing Commissions that he never had any business dealings with Big Sam. Well, perhaps old Louie never mentioned....

John Masoni of Jefferson Downs fame is quoted as warning one of Emprise's uneasy associates: "It is useless to oppose the Jacobses. They shall prevail." So it must seem at times, for such a combination of power, money and wiles is difficult to contest. Robert Leacy told the House Select Committee on Crime earlier this month that Emprise had a \$300,000 fund for lobbying efforts in California alone in 1965. An Arkansas racing commissioner has described to an out-of-state police investigator how he was approached and offered a large amount of cash to vote right at license renewal time, right being with Emprise. He says he turned the money down because he "wouldn't be able to explain it."

In New Mexico, however, Emprise has found itself somewhat hesitant. What triggered the corporation's difficulties there was the discovery of a well-camouflaged effort by Emprise to take over the famous quarter-horse track, Ruidoso Downs. The track had been sold in 1969 to a group incorporated under the name Newco Industries.

"Suddenly, we began hearing rumors about the ownership," says then State Racing Commission Chairman Robert M. Lee. "We asked questions, and one thing we were told specifically," says

continued

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Lee, "was that Emprise, which held the concession contract, was not involved in the Ruidoso management." But Lee was not satisfied. The racing commission started formal hearings, and some interesting facts emerged under oath: Emprise had granted the track a \$600,000 loan. In addition, and this took months for racing-commission investigators to discover and verify, an \$800,000 management fee was to be paid Newco, the track operators, by the Ruidoso Racing Association. The track could never generate that kind of revenue, and if it did not, Emprise, with its \$600,000 loan, would wind up getting property worth more than twice the value of its loan. The commission decided it would only have been a matter of time before Emprise owned Ruidoso Downs.

The racing commission was sore. On Feb. 21, 1970 it denied Newco a racing license for Ruidoso Downs. It said Newco had lied about its relationship with Emprise. It said: "In the racing community, Emprise Corporation and its subsidiaries have a bad general reputation for honesty and fair dealing." It said the methods of operation by Emprise are "detrimental to the best interests of racing and are not in the best interests of the public." And with that, Robert Lee and three of his four fellow commissioners—the posts are nonaligned, Lee himself is an artist and sculptor—gave Emprise the gate. Ruidoso Downs received no racing dates.

Three months later the commission retreated, but only to a degree. Reacting to appeals concerning the economic harm that closing the track would inflict on the town of Ruidoso—"Home of the World's Richest Horse Race"—the commission decided to grant the license. However, the track's concession agreement with Emprise was reduced from 20 years to five; it was stipulated that Emprise could own no more than 5% of any track in the state; and it was further ruled that in the future no track concessionaire could lend any money in any form to a New Mexico racetrack.

So Robert Lee and his commission did not find it quite as "useless" to oppose the Jacobeses as John Masoni had said. And Lee had a final footnote for law-enforcement authorities to ponder. As he puts it: "In a roundabout way, a number of times it was indicated I could pick up \$100,000 if I would change my vote on Ruidoso. There were threats on

my life, and a number of late-night phone calls saying they would either get me physically or ruin my reputation." He does not know who "they" might be.

In neighboring Arizona, Congressman Steiger's home state—and a state that has earned something of a reputation for having nationally known hoodlums settle within its borders—Emprise also became a *cavea célèbre*, but with rather different results. The Jacobeses have major holdings in Arizona racing. In 1970 and '71 State Auditor General Ira Osman released scathing investigative reports charging members of the Arizona Racing Commission and the Arizona Tax Commission with conflict of interest. Osman had discovered that two racing commissioners had business transactions with Emprise-Funk owned corporations during the time they were deciding on their license applications and an employee of the tax commission was found to be working for one of the Emprise-Funk tracks as a "money-room manager." By the time it was over, two racing commissioners had resigned.

Earlier, in 1969, Osman had been requested to make an audit of all pari-mutuel racing facilities in Arizona. His investigations went on for 18 months and some interesting things evolved.

1. Emprise-Funk had used false, or at least questionable documentation to support its pleas for a higher rate of return from its Arizona racing investments, Osman found. For one thing, the income figures Emprise-Funk provided the Arizona legislature and those it gave the IRS did not jibe.
2. More than a quarter of a million dollars had been spent by Emprise-Funk for legal fees, public relations and other expenses incurred to retain racing rights, Osman reported.
3. Arizona House Majority Leader Burton Barr found that a prominent young lawyer who had served as his special assistant had used his position to influence passage of a revenue bill favorable to Emprise, and had received a "legal fee" from Emprise.

The evidence suggested a classic case of overreach on the part of Emprise, the sort of move that gives a corporation a bad name—and lots of publicity. It was the kind of thing old Louie never did.

So it turns out that Emprise does have its operating patterns. Some common

themes—and alarming ones—do unfold as the names of racetracks reel by: Hazel Park, Jefferson Downs, Cahokia Downs, Ruidoso Downs, and all the parks and downs in Arizona. And could these be just a sample? Disaffected employee Robert Lacey told the House Select Committee on Crime, "The firm, to the best of my knowledge, had loaned money in one time or another to tracks in every state where pari-mutuel betting was allowed."

How extensive are the mob ties of Emprise? How direct? How recent? Do they really matter? These are the questions being asked quite loudly now by Congress, by many states, by law-enforcement agencies at every level. They are also being asked, very quietly, by the men who run baseball, basketball, football and racing.

Emprise protests its innocence. Following the company's Los Angeles conviction, Jeremy Jacobs conducted the first press conference in the history of the empire. Calling the California court's decision "a gross miscarriage of justice," he stated that "the corporation accused in this action, the 'old' Emprise Corporation, was dissolved a full year before the indictment in the case was handed down. It was a respected and successful business, founded over 50 years ago by my father and headed by him until his death in 1968. Never in all that time was there even the slightest suggestion of wrongdoing by that company, in the courts or anywhere else. Then, suddenly, in 1971, long after the company ceased to exist and long after the man who headed it was able to defend himself, a charge was filed against it. . . .

"This case represented a vicious and deliberate effort to smear the name of my father and destroy the reputation of the company he founded. Even though the verdict does not affect our present company, and even though the cost of defending the action is immense, we at the new Emprise Corporation will under no circumstances rest while the good name of my late father is questioned. . . . We will not allow either political opportunists or business competitors to profit at the expense of my late father's good name in the business and sports world."

How times have changed. Jeremy was talking—openly, eloquently, desperately. The old man had always been a listener.

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POWER TO THE PEOPLE

If Populism be the mood of the moment, few activities in sport can claim to be more à la mode than powerboating. Any number can play. At present 6.8 million Americans do. For some the lure is simply a chance to be out on the water, for others it is the girl friend on the polyethylene ski line, for others yet, a means to piscatorial ends. There is still another faction that goes down to the sea in outboards and inboards solely to race. In bewildering variety—ocean racers and river rats, dragsters and long-distance runners, heavyweights and bantams—they part the waters and palpitate the ears. And in ever-increasing numbers: there were 588 American Power Boat Association regattas last year. The sampler on the following pages salutes the breed, both at glistening rest and baws-up, spray-kicking speed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHNEIDER

Panache that passeth understanding goes into drag boats like Bob Cagle's 100-mph "Grim Reaper," a gas eliminator type. This is Populist chic at its California capital, Long Beach.





It is aces back to back when Larry Schwabentland sits his record-holding, 155-mph 'Joker's Wild' (in the argot of the trade a blown fuel flat-bottomed), and green for go as another racer kicks off for a quarter-mile run. Below, two dragsters roar bow to bow to the finish.





In the staging area a flotilla of boats keeps order without benefit of docks or attendants as drivers grasp lines from a central moorpole. The burnished exhaust stacks at night give some idea of the sport's spit and polish, placing it even with its dry land counterpart.





The Eiffel Tower looms above competitors in the Six Hours of Paris, who start just downstream from the Pont d'Iéna (right), flash beneath other bridges and round the Ile des Cygnes before returning to the buoy taboret at the up-Seine end of the 4,700-meter course.









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You go where you want to go and lead a life of refined extravagance every moment of the Renaissance Great Escape!

Or, if you prefer, there's an alternate First Prize: a 1973 Chevrolet Station Wagon, plus 2 Yamaha 125cc Great Trail Machines, a motorcycle trailer, and a complete guide to U.S. campgrounds where you can make your own Great Escape!

Fantastic Prizes

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- 5 3rd Prizes: Yamaha 125cc Trail Motorcycles the Great Outdoors Machines!
- 10 4th Prizes: Yamaha 100cc Street Motorcycles the Great He's 'n' Her Machines!
- 30 5th Prizes: Yamaha JT-21, Mini Enduros the Great Mini Machines!
- 500 6th Prizes: Yamaha Official Racing Team jackets

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No purchase is required. You simply stop by your nearest participating dealer and fill out an entry blank. (Or write YAMAHA CONTEST, P.O. Box 611, Rosemount, Minnesota 55068 for a blank, and mail it in.) You answer four simple questions. (Tip: your dealer will help you with these) and tell us in a few sentences why you think Yamaha is the Great Machine to own. Winners will be determined on the basis of originality, creativity and awareness of Yamaha features. The Yamaha Great Escape Contest ends June 30, 1972. All entries must be postmarked by July 3, 1972 and received by July 10, 1972. All prizes or alternates will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail no later than July 20, 1972. Contest valid at participating dealers in continental United States and Alaska.



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YAMAHA  The great machines for '72.

The Broadway Show League has opened its 1972 softball season in Central Park with the usual mixture of high drama and low comedy. One recent game had the cast of *Sogor*, the hit musical, pitted against a team of newspapermen, who clobbered the actors 18-4. Star **Robert Morse** of *Sogor* was philosophical. "It's just for fun," he said, "and I play wherever I get the most sun." That happened to be second base, where his most spectacular play came when he ran in from his position to confront a young lady in the stands who took a foul ball in the face. Later he booted a grounder and lamented the skippy crowd. "If I were **Dick Cavett**," said Morse, "I'd have a bigger crowd watching. Secretly, you know, I've always wanted to be **Dick Cavett**."

★ Over in London, meantime, a perennial World Series rivalry is shaping up. During a break in rehearsals for her role in the film *A Year of Grace*, British Actress **Glenda Jackson** was learning baseball's finer points from her co-star, American Actor **George Segal**. Now if the Russians can just get something going...

Seasonal notes from all over: **Gail Goodrich** of the Los Angeles Lakers has been chosen as

one of *Esquire* magazine's 10 best-dressed athletes for 1972, but teammate **Pat Riley** ought to get the No. 10 1/2 spot, at least. When informed of his honor and invited to a picture-taking session, Goodrich immediately called Riley to ask him what he should wear.

Meanwhile, in Omaha, Heavyweight Champion **Joe Frazier** is unveiling a new, self-designed ensemble made especially for his fight with **Ron Stander**. Frazier has chosen a red, white and blue motif to commemorate Memorial Day, he says, and will carry it out with a bright red robe trimmed in white satin, a pair of white, navy-and-red-striped shoes and custom-made boxing gloves that feature red palms and blue tops. To avoid a clash, Frazier has provided Stander with a pair of gloves in the same hues but with colors reversed. Sounds divine.

Idyll-of-a-Prince Dept. British Prince Charles of England discussed last week, in a new book entitled *Captains and Kings*, his first royal parachute jump, from a plane over the English Channel last July. The shipwreck from the propeller was surprisingly hard, reported the Prince, and when he let go of the wing strut

his feet flipped up and he found himself heading forward head first. "It doesn't happen often," he said. "Either I've got hollow legs or something."

For some 24 years, **J. Edgar Hoover** was **Pinheiro Race Course's** most celebrated patron. His special table was always waiting for him in the clubhouse, and each year he presented the winner's trophy at the **Drue Handicap**. This year the **Drue** trophy was presented without him, but **Chick Lang**, general manager of **Pinheiro**, has made sure the late FBI director is not forgotten. On **Drue** day he had the former G-man's traditional table set up in red, white and blue decor and left it empty as a tribute. Next year, says Lang, he will name a stakes race after Mr. Hoover.

It was a feat worthy of **Dick Tracy**. After the L.A. Police Revolver and Athletic Club sponsored its 2,000-mile goodwill relay from Tijuana, Mexico to Vancouver, British Columbia last week, two of its members decided to put on a little law-and-order demonstration that was not on the schedule. At the celebration following the end of the race, **Sergeant R. A. Hickey** and **Officer Tom Holroyd** spotted this purse snatcher making his getaway in the crowd. Despite having logged an aggregate 36 hours of running time in 11 days, the two lawmen took off in hot pursuit, nabbed the suspect and returned, barely breathing hard, to the celebration.

Bill Peterson and **Don James**, the head football coaches of the Houston Oilers and Kent State University Golden Flashes, respectively, evidently feel the best way to a player's heart is through his stomach. In separate bursts of gastronomical excess, the two greeted their 1972 charges with enough calories to heat Anchorage, Alaska. Peterson hosted 50



players and prospects at the Oilers' three-day orientation camp, where they consumed 84 pounds of meat, nine gallons of beans, nine gallons of beer, 28 loaves of bread and 28 loaves of butter. James treated his charges to a similar gustatory blow-out at Sunday breakfast. His 38 players put away 15 pounds of sausage and bacon, nine dozen eggs and five gallons of milk. A few returned in the afternoon for lemonade and cookies. The coaches probably still can't believe their players are the whole thing.

★ The former heavyweight champion of the world and his wife **Belinda** are the parents of their first son, born in Philadelphia last week, and all parties are doing fine. The same might be said for readers of the *St. Leon Globe-Democrat*, however. The newspaper, which has never acknowledged the father's Islamic name, neglected to explain in its story on the birth why a man named **Crispin Clay** would call his son **Muhammad Ali Jr.**





In haste, wildfowl flood north to nest, for the season is short and the results can be savage for any birds that tarry

by **BIL GILBERT**

FLIGHT OF

While some may have a yearning for places like the Khyber Pass, Great Barren Reef and Galway Bay, my own Erin Isle, Ultima Thule and Xanadu is the North, the immense, empty trapezoid of land that is bounded by the Arctic Ocean and the two inland seas of the central Canadian Arctic, Great Bear and Great Slave lakes. For most of my 40 years this territory has been—in my imagination, if not geographically—the heart of the North. The time for a trip

there is in the frantic days of the Arctic spring when the wildfowl migrations hurtle north: mallards, widgeon, teal, scaup, buffleheads, fanning out across the rocky ferocious expanse above Yellowknife.

The frontier mining town sits on the northern shore of Great Slave Lake, which on the first day of June is still solidly frozen. The lake is a hundred miles wide and from the air looks like a vast convoluted sheet of corroded aluminum. On the north edge the vegetation is

sparse, stunted brown, not yet in bud. The land is like an ancient pitted husk. Everywhere in the hollows, cracks and gouges of the granite shell there is water. It is as if a giant mirror has shattered on the rocks and the pieces lay about in profusion. Two-thirds of the surface is under water—either open ponds or lakes or mushy, mossy muskeg, a quivering phenomenon that is not truly land or water.

Yet, with all the water, this is in many

But on the granite outcropping the vegetation is of a desert sort—leather leaf, thorny rose, juniper.

To add to all these contradictions, there is no night. Shortly before midnight the sun does dip below the horizon, but only just. It rises again in an hour or two and while it is gone there is a soft dusk.

About midnight on my second day in the North, I was sitting with a group of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service men in the cavernous public room of the Yellowknife Inn. One of them, David Trauger, was noticeably quiet. He was drinking dutifully but followed the barroom conversation inattentively. Trauger was conducting his first field research project and was more or less constantly, blissfully preoccupied with thoughts of the lesser scaup duck, the subject of his study. "You know," David said finally, apropos of nothing, "that warm day today [it had been a tropical 70° in Yellowknife] just might have brought in some of my yearling birds. I think I'll go out and look around for a couple of hours."

Perhaps never again would there be a chance to leave a frontier bar at midnight and go out and watch ducks on Arctic ponds. We started off, heading west on the Mackenzie Highway, a rough gravel strip that is the only primary road in the central Arctic. A few miles outside of Yellowknife, Trauger slowed and gestured toward a tiny sedge-ringed pond. There were three scaup, two flashy black-and-white males and a drab brown hen, floating on the glassy surface, casting fuzzy shadows in the soft

saddles that fitted over the ducks' bills. The hope was that the saddles would stay put and the marked birds would return again to the Yellowknife area where their "culture," as biologists call it, could be studied.

Trauger assumed that at least some of the marked hens would return to where they had been hatched. However, as of this particular morning, the supposition remained unproved. With what seemed to be the majority of scaup already returned, Trauger was depressed by his failure to find any with yellow nasal saddles. Perhaps the markers had somehow handicapped the ducklings and none lived through the year; maybe yearling birds did not home dependably; possibly the birds were there but Trauger had simply failed to find them. After an unsuccessful six-hour search we headed back toward town, rechecking ponds along the way. At one about 35 miles out of Yellowknife there were two pairs of scaup that had not been there three hours earlier. The ducks were sitting sluggishly on a mud and weed bar.

"Holy smoke," David exclaimed. "There's a nasal marking." In his excitement Trauger banged his binoculars against the steering wheel, hit his head on the roof of the car and knocked off my hat. At once he began to write furiously in his notebook, while I continued to watch the ducks and occupy myself with more commonplace thoughts concerning the marvel of migration.

Probably the four birds sitting on the mud bank had just completed an immense 3,000-mile journey from the Gulf of Mexico, where many scaup winter. It is extraordinary that a two-pound bird has enough muscle, energy and blood for the job. But some of the physical aspects of the ducks' journey are even more extraordinary. At least one of the birds, the little hen who had been marked as a duckling the summer before, had never made the northward flight. How had she found her way back to the speck of water and musk-og where she was hatched? What sensory apparatus or genetic memory bank did she possess? Why was she determined to return, there being suitable scaup nesting grounds as far south as North Dakota? When did the scaup as a species make its pioneering journey here and why? What urged the first, primeval scaup to strike out across an un-

Continued

THE ARCTIC SPRING

respects desert country, for it receives less than 10 inches of precipitation a year. The muskeg may shake and squish on the surface but below it, below everything, is everlasting ice, the permafrost. The little water that falls is trapped in solid basins of ice and granite.

The air is similar to that in El Paso, dry and abrasive to the lungs. As you choke on dust, you can see water and bog in every direction. Spongy mosses, sedges, cattails and water lilies flourish.

light. None of the ducks bore the identification tag Trauger was searching so earnestly for.

The previous summer, he and another of the Yellowknife duck men had tagged 500 scaup. In August, when the scaup are flightless (adults because of their molt and ducklings because of immaturity), the two biologists had gone to the lakes where the birds congregate and trapped 250 ducklings of each sex. These were marked with yellow, plastic nasal

known land to an unknown destination thousands of miles away? Despite easy explanations in children's encyclopedias, no one knows.

In the South, migration, or at least the impact of migration, is more osmotic than in the North. One day there is a phoebe on the bridge and a robin on the lawn, and the next day a few more; then the robins and the phoebes have returned. The volume of migrants is the same but they trickle in. In the Arctic, however, they come in floods, species by species, as if their schedules had been programmed by a cosmic computer. One day there are thousands of oldsquaw—long-tailed, raucous sea ducks—cackling on the lakes and ponds. Two days later there are only stragglers, the bulk of the flock having rushed north to their breeding grounds on the Arctic Ocean. Suddenly there will be, where there was not one before, thousands of water thrushes in the underbrush or goldfinches like coveys of tame quail feeding along the Mackenzie Highway.

Manifest in many ways is the sense of haste that is overriding in Arctic life, the cycle of desperate rush. The oldsquaw touch down and then flee on. One day the scrub willow, wild rose and birch are brown and dormant, the next there is a haze of green over the brush and by the end of the week the foliage is almost full. Ducks arrive exhausted, pause for a few hours, then stake out a nesting territory and the hens immediately begin to lay.

There is a need for this speed. Consider the case of the scap. They take 39 days to build their nest and incubate their eggs, then 60 days to rear their brood and another week for the adults to complete their molt—106 days in all. Usually the ponds are only free of ice between May 25 and September 25—which is 124 days. So the scap rushes. Though the days never properly end, there is nothing hazy or somnolent about the Arctic summer. It is short and swift. Creatures who fail to keep pace with the midnight sun perish. This I now understand, standing there on the edge of the Mackenzie Highway. Life presses its creatures of the North, harnesses them, demands from them.

There are few better places in the central Arctic to watch wildfowl than along the Mackenzie Highway, but it is after all a highway connected to the Pennsylvania Turnpike and the Santa Monica Freeway and thus tainted for a wilderness seeker from the South. So, not to get a better look at ducks but for reasons of purist romanticism, I borrowed a canoe and hitched a ride with a pilot biologist into the true bush. He set me and a friend down in a wet brushland on Stagg Lake, a 20-mile pencil of water northwest of Yellowknife. For the next week we worked our way back, coming down the lake and down Stagg River to a point where it crosses the Mackenzie Highway a few miles above Great Slave Lake.

The shoreline of Stagg Lake has a sort of sawtooth rampart conformation like the battlements of a medieval castle. Outcroppings of granite, some rising a hundred feet, rim the water. Between them are ravines, dense little jungles of birch, spruce and muskeg. Many of the outcroppings shelf off gently into the lake, making good camping places. The wind blowing off the water over the granite drives away the mosquitoes and blackflies, which are ferocious in the ravines. The sloping granite is a convenient place for drawing up a canoe, collecting dry driftwood and scouring pans. Also, if a flat ledge can be found, it is not bad sleeping, since all the rocks in these parts are thickly cushioned with lichens and mosses. These grow in exotic, sponge-like shapes and in a pleasing assortment of muted colors: pale greens, yellows, grays, charcoals and rusts. They are so delicate and artfully shaped that it seems a shame to walk or throw a sleeping bag on them, but they are so abundant and servicable that there is nothing to do but fight down shame and use them.

On the first afternoon in the bush, as we spread out our gear on one of these granite and moss gardens, two canoes appeared around a bend in the lake. In the first was an Indian and a boy, perhaps his son. In the second was an older man. The three paddled like Cub Scouts, first on one side and then the other, in an ineffectual effort to keep a straight line toward our camp. These were not particularly clumsy or ignorant representatives of their people. Later inquiries and observation indicated that few of the central Arctic Indians, unless they have been instructed by whites, know how to manage a canoe, a tool they have had for many centuries. (A good social project for an Explorer troop from Trenton, N.J.: go North and teach the Indians to canoe.)

Eventually they succeeded in landing their leaky, clumsy canoes on the granite shelf. All three were dinn and they wanted tea and sugar. Having it, we mixed a drink to their pleasure—half a cup of sugar, half a cup of water and a little tea. Conversation was difficult and the real trouble was not linguistic. From our standpoint, they were scrawny little panhandlers who could not paddle in a straight line to beg tea and consequently did violence to our romantic image of the noble savage. It is impossible to be



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certain, but I suspect they regarded us as outlaws or madmen.

"What do you call those birds?" we asked, pointing to a flock of sculpin on the lake, hoping to start some chitchat.

The middle-aged Indian, spokesman and translator for the group, said something to his companions, who giggled, then answered, "We call 'em ducks."

Now it was our guests' turn to make a social effort. "You come to fish?"

"No, we come to study ducks."

"Study ducks," the man repeated thoughtfully. He was growing increasingly skeptical—after all, a moment before we had not known what a duck was. Now we were claiming to be in the back end of nowhere for the purpose of studying them.

While the conversation continued, the young boy circumspectly examined our gear and by and by discovered three dozen mousetraps I had brought along in hopes of collecting some small Arctic rodents. He let out an involuntary hiss of astonishment. The older man frowned as if the boy had done something impolite. "Many mouse?" the man asked delicately. We laughed to show we understood how silly it must seem to be carrying 36 mousetraps in a canoe but explained, "We study mouse, too, I mean mice."

The man again translated for his friends. He and the boy almost choked but kept straight faces. The old man was less restrained and puffed out.

To everyone's relief the uncomfortable meeting was broken off shortly thereafter. The three Indians got back into their canoes. They banged into each other several times as they attempted to disembark but finally set off on a wobbly up-lake course. As a final touch, when they approached the scarp on the water, the old man stopped, picked up a rusty .22 rifle he carried in the bilge of the canoe and took a shot at the ducks. He missed by a good 30 feet.

The Indians, known as the Slaveys—thus the name of the big lake—are among the most primitive peoples in North America. They, as few ever could and almost nobody can now, survive in the central Arctic, perhaps the most inhospitable environment in the world. In a sense it is a spiritual rather than cultural feat. They have few tools. They have not learned how to control or escape the harsh environment, the 60° below zero winters, the gales, droughts, clouds

of insects and failing game. They have only learned, as no one else has, how to endure it, almost naked.

Large sheets of ice, crossed by narrow shifting channels, choked the upper end of Stagg Lake. A patch of open water between the edge of the ice and a small island was the resting place for a considerable flock of ducks. For no better or worse reason than that I had never been to such a place before, I paddled out to inspect the ice floe. The waves had piled up the ice in jagged windrows. In this cold rubble one small dark bird was hopping, apparently feeding on stranded invertebrates. To my astonishment, I found it was a redwing blackbird.

The country behind Stagg Lake made for splendid roaming. There was one small pond after another, and except for an occasional trail made by moose or bear there were no paths. Even so, the portages were easy. Each pond was separated from the next by a partition of granite. After breaking through the fringe of prickly rose and birch that surrounded each pond, the walking was good, even carrying a canoe.

The roaming was almost too good. It had a hypnotic effect. The next pond over and the next and the next pulled me like the sun did leaves. It was necessary to make a willful effort to remember the way back. Every once in a while I would lecture myself sternly that the thing that counted was not how many ponds you saw but how well you saw one.

At one pond there was a small canal dug by beavers into which I pushed the canoe and sat alone, hidden in the brush. The canoe rested on a bed of sphagnum moss. In it grew large liverworts, the leaves of which were cup-shaped and the edges fluted. There were two birch sticks, the ends tapered, the bark skinned off by beavers. A patch of mud had been patted down as a ramp by beavers. In the mud were the tracks of moose and bear and snowshoe hare. By the side of the canoe in the water were hundreds of wiggling blackfly larvae. A birch stood against the sky, the foliage looking like pale-green mouse ears. There was a rustle in the rose tangle. I did not dare move. Eventually a snowshoe hare hopped out and came to the side of the canoe, curiously touching the aluminum with its nose.

Beyond that there was a pigeon hawk sweeping across the far side of the pond and beyond that another outcropping,

another pond, and beyond that the same all the way to the Arctic Ocean and beyond that the North Pole and Suzer and the South Pole.

Stagg River, which drains Stagg Lake, is a small gentle stream without much punch. When the slow current passes over a rib of granite there are a few mild ripples but no real rapids, nothing that would give even a novice canoeist any concern or thrill. However, the ripples were apparently too much for the Indians with their Cub Scout strokes. Around each mini-rapid, portage paths were cut.

The weather for a week was beautiful—clear, temperatures in the 60s during the day and 10 degrees lower during the dusk-dawn. But one night while camping along the river, black clouds came out of the north and began to pile up overhead. The wind rose and rain began to fall. In the morning there was ice on the water, the temperature had dropped into the teens and snow, driven by a 30-mph wind, was in the air, stinging like sand. The two of us shivered uncontrollably and were unmistakably miserable.

Ten miles below Stagg Lake the river widened into a great deltaic expanse of marsh and channels. We had planned to spend a day there because it was an exceptionally good place for ducks. The ducks were there all right, huddled in the reeds to escape the wind and snow. We saw them only in passing and were not really interested. Unable to hide, we could not endure the open marsh. At the far end of the swamp was a large granite outcropping. Rubbish and a few remaining tent frames indicated it was a winter hunting camp for the Indians. Benching the canoe, we dragged our gear behind a ledge that partially blocked the wind. There we huddled, thinking if this was June what must it be like on that rock in January. We knew we could not endure it for a month, or a year, to say nothing of a lifetime, as the Slaveys have.

But on the last day the wind subsided, the sky cleared and all that was left of the storm was a bite in the air and a powder of snow on the ground. In the cold sun we drifted down the Stagg River, drifted reluctantly and inevitably away from the Slaveys' bush, and then we wished that the Mackenzie Highway was not just ahead, and the Santa Monica Freeway and the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

END



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The game has to be fun if you're going to be any good at it," Popeye says. And that's no spinach, particularly if the game you're talking about is baseball. His formula seems to work. In previous years the San Diego Padres tended to be as mournful of men as those losers in Cleveland (page 38). But under new Manager Don Zimmer, San Diego can have a ball and hit it, too. Occasionally, at least. "Zimmer is a pup out of Charley Dressen," says President Buzzie Bavasi, who explains that he fired his gentlemanly former Manager Preston Gomez this spring because Gomez had allowed the lads to become infected with a gloomy, defeatist attitude.

The chubby Zimmer began by disposing of rules like those that required the Padres to wear ties on the road and arrive at the team bus three hours before game time and denied them beer on the team's air flights. That raised spirits. Good talent and maybe some good managing raised the Padres in the standings, all the way to the dizzying vistas of fourth place and a 15-18 record, grandeur indeed.

The Padres' new muscle has banished defeatism to some very distant place. "These guys can't wait to get to the ball park," said Pitcher Steve Arlin after a 5-3 Eastern swing. "It's kind of exciting to see what might happen next."

Arlin, who was the first to refer to his employers as Popeye's Padres, capsuled the prevailing attitude by gleefully anticipating a confrontation with the Dodgers' Don Sutton, just about the hottest pitcher in baseball. "So was Carlton when we beat him," Arlin says. "So was Seaver when we beat him."

Some people were saying that the pitcher with the best stuff in baseball right this minute is Clay Kirby, Arlin's teammate. Surely he is one of the least inhibited and least defeatist. The first pitch Clayton Laws Kirby Jr. ever threw to Willie Mays (in 1969) was a shrill-back. Rookie Kirby had happened to overhear Pitching Coach Roger Craig say that dusters bothered Willie. Asked if he has ever been injured, Kirby says, "I broke my hand twice." Asked how, he replies, "By hitting people." Kirby was fourth in the National League in strikeouts last year with 231. In April



MANAGER DON ZIMMER CHASED GLOOM

Padres are no longer patsies

he said, "This year I'll try to strike out every hitter I face. If they hit the ball, anything can happen."

Last year anything did. The Padres ranked 11th in the league in fielding. This season Kirby has 42 strikeouts already and only three teams have made fewer errors.

"Clay has a good fastball, a big slider, a little slider, a changeup, and now he's added a pitch that should help him against left-handers—a knuckle curve," says Catcher Bob Barten.

Kirby says he threw a knuckle curve, the pitch that acquired fame when Cub Burt Hooton got his no-hitter with it, in high school. The Cardinals signed him and made him quit throwing it, fearing it would hurt his arm. That makes two mistakes by the Cardinals. The other

came when General Manager Bing Devine happened to call Bavasi from Arkansas in 1968. Buzzie asked him what he was doing there, and Devine not quite offhandedly enough mentioned that he was looking at a kid pitcher named Kirby. This wheited, Bavasi eventually drafted him.

And then there is Nate Colbert, the major league home run leader, with nine Colbert, it should be remembered, hit 89 homers in his first three full seasons. Willie Stargell hit only 59, Willie McCovey 86 and Henry Aaron a mere 66.

"You have to remember, too, that Nate plays ball his games in one of the toughest parks in the league for a power hitter," says Boh Skinner, not long ago a Pirate slugger and now an observant hitting coach. "The amazing thing about his power is that he has one of the most compact swings in baseball. He should get to where he hits 40 homers every year."

"Every time we make a mistake on him, he hits it out," says Catcher Jerry Grote of the Mets, against whom Colbert batted .436 last year.

More *winchurbs* than *padres* last season, the San Diego club now has a number of players who have rather decisively come of age. Outfielder Leroy Lee, who bled a very respectable .273 in 1971, ranks fifth among National League batters with a .358 average. Besides Arlin, with his glossy 1.86 earned run average, and Kirby, the Padres have gymnast Fred Norman, who used to do a backflip when he won, looking bright with a 1.62 ERA. It's a good thing the Padres do have Lee, Colbert and some pitching, however, since the team as a whole stands a bad last in the league in hitting.

The new optimism has not yet extended to the box office. After drawing a pathetic \$49,083 fans last year, the Padres—the only NL team under a million in attendance—began this season by attracting 196,389 for their first 19 dates.

"I don't see how you can make a major league city in three years," says Bavasi, defending the town. "It takes time. Baseball is not like football. You don't root for the club, you root for individuals. Up to this year there was nobody the fans could fling their hats at."

—CHRISTOPHER

"I don't think you can condemn the town until a club wins more games than it loses and doesn't draw. No one can get rich running a ball club in San Diego, but we can make ends meet."

The rest of the league prays that they will. Walt Alston, who has made all the stops in baseball, says, "You get the sun, good air and good food."

And now, good baseball.

THE WEEK

AL WEST The Minnesota Twins had a week of firsts and wished they hadn't. The divisional leaders lost their first series of the season, two out of three to the White Sox. They lost two straight for the first time. Pitcher Jim Kaat suffered his first defeat after four straight wins. And so the Twins had their first losing week of 1972.

By bedeviling California 8-0, Chicago won its 15th victory in 17 home games. Wilbur Wood not only won three games in eight days but got some wood on the ball, too. He "just stuck my bat out" for his third and fourth singles, one less than all last year.

"It was a circus. It should have been played in a tent," said the A's Sal Bando after Kansas City beat Oakland 16-1. Meanwhile the Rangers couldn't hit the state of Texas with a howitzer, but their pitching was as good as their batting was bad. Before ending a road trip with a win and taking the next two at home, the Rangers had averaged six hits a game while losing eight of 11. But three pitchers—Paul Lindblad, Jim Sheltonback and Pete Broberg—had ERAs under 2.00, three more were under 3.00, and the team had gone 16 errorless innings.

California had pitching problems: 20-game winner Andy Messersmith was sidelined with tendinitis in his middle finger, Clyde Wright's shoulder stiffened up again and Nolan Ryan's pulled groin muscle stayed pulled. As for relievers, Lloyd Allen joined Paul Doyle on the wounded list with a pulled hamstring muscle. Manager Del Rice threatened to activate batting practice pitcher Ted Bosfield, director of stadium operations.

MINN 17-9 CHI 17-10 OAK 16-12
TEX 13-10 KC 12-17 CAL 11-18

AL EAST As Cleveland's Indians won three straight 2-1 games from the Yankees and Tigers, Detroit, with a little hurt from its friends, nearly lost control of second place. The Orioles, losers of four in a row, came to

town and were greeted by a headline, WILL-COME SKIDDING ORIOLES. Jim Palmer, the most enraged Bird, thereupon won his first game ever in Tiger Stadium, 3-2. Doyle Alexander, who replaced Mike Cuellar in the first inning the next night, gave the Tigers only three hits and ultimately it took a Mickey Lolich four-hitter to produce a Detroit win.

Never, under Earl Weaver, have the Orioles dipped below .500. Each time that ignominy has threatened, Palmer has bailed the Birds out. Last week before the Detroit series he beat the Brewers 6-0 and gave up only two hits.

Manager Eddie Kasko ran three bed checks during Boston's road trip. The first night two players were AWOL, the second night six, the third night eight. Something was missing on the field, too. Boston was 5-5 for the trip and Kasko was talking about benching Marty Patten and Danny Cater.

Milwaukee had the heady experience of winning two in a row and almost hopped out of last place. You remember Frank Robinson? Well, his replacement one game last week was not Merv Rettenmund but somebody named Terry Crowley. Against Milwaukee Crowley got three hits, including a three-run homer, and the Brewers couldn't see any difference.

CLEV 17-9 DET 15-12 BAL 14-13
NY 10-12 BOS 9-15 MIL 8-18

NL WEST In the spring of 1968 Yankee magnate Michael Burke magnanimously advised Bobby Valentine, an outstanding high school athlete, to pass up baseball for a while and play college football. So did Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers. O'Malley suggested Penn, his alma mater. Valentine chose USC. But just as he was about to sign up with the Trojans, they invited him to a party attended by two Dodger sports. Result: Valentine plays infield instead of backfield and is hitting consistently for a team that, considering its record and 4-2 week, hardly needs the help.

Houston, enjoying its fastest start ever, won five in a row before falling to the Dodgers 2-1. The Astros got three complete games in one week, and Larry Dierker pitched his second shutout in 12 days, beating Atlanta 9-0.

Before Steve Arlin stopped them at San Diego, Cincinnati's Reds won nine straight, sometimes by stealth. While being intentionally walked by the Giants, Pete Rose joked with Catcher Dave Rader about the folly of walking a 250 hitter, then poked the fourth ball past Third Base-man Jim Ray Hart. It was the first time Rose had ever hit an intentional ball, but it won the game.

Atlanta was intimidated in three straight disasters at Houston, losing 8-2, 6-5 and 9-0, then dropped one to San Francisco, ending a seven-game Giant losing streak. At one point the Giants were 9-23—exactly the reverse of the situation about this time last year.

LA 20-12 HOUS 18-12 CIN 17-14
SD 16-17 ATL 11-19 SF 9-26

NL EAST May's Days were a distress signal for the rest of the National League. After Willie put on a Met uniform on May 12, New York won every game. Admittedly, Mets had a little help from the ever-green Met pitching staff, which has sprouted remarkable new lambs. Jon Matlack won another two, including a 3-1 five-hitter, bringing his record to 5-0. John Milner, Jim Fregosi and Rusty Staub hit four more homers.

Pittsburgh also ailed the competition with a steely combination of power and pitching. The Pirates outscored opponents 34 runs to four, winning five straight games—the last three shutouts by Steve Blass, Bob Moose and Dick Ells-Bruce Kison.

Philadelphia slugger Greg Luzinski was so sore at Pitcher Bob Houston he slammed a homer into the Liberty Bell replica—438 feet from home plate and 55 feet high—in Veterans Stadium. "He didn't have to make that remark about us not being as tough as the University of Texas," said Luzinski. "We were keyed up tonight. I owed him that one."

Revenge fell a trifle short as the Phillies managed only two other hits and lost to the Cub knuckle-curve. Meanwhile, Rick Monday was collecting three consecutive home runs in the Chicago win. The Phillies lost again next night 3-2, then ran into the Met buzzsaw. Chicago, after taking two of three from Philly, lost two of three to last-place St. Louis. But the Cubs, who had been 0-5 against left-handers and 0-6 in games decided by one run, did at least prove they could beat both jinxes.

"That's not a lineup card Expo Manager Gene Mauch makes out prior to every game," a Montreal sportswriter opined, "it's a menu." Could be. The Mets and Pirates ate up everything Mauch had to offer. The Canadians scored fewer than two runs per game during a six-game losing streak. "You'd think by now I'd be able to figure out why we fall apart every year on the 15th of May," Mauch said.

The Cardinals finally pulled out of an eight-game losing streak, their longest since 1957. There was a reason. "My mother told me to stay in the game at least until 8:30, until one of her friends got off work so she could see me," said Pitcher Scipio Spinks. Spinks went all the way for a 4-3 win over the Cubs.

NY 24-7 PIT 18-12 PHIL 15-18
CHI 14-18 MONT 13-17 ST. L 12-20

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Fast shadow at 5 o'clock

If beards grow the way the Indy cars go, Gary Bettenhausen will soon become a ripping Van Winkle

When you're going really fast, your whole body changes to adapt to the speed. I mean, not only do your reflexes adjust to it, and your eyesight, but like even your hair and your beard grow faster." Gary Bettenhausen speaking. It is the morning after he qualified for this year's Indianapolis 500 with a four-lap run of nearly 189 mph, second on that windy, rain-fraught day only to Bobby Unser's phenomenal 195.937 average. Bearded and unshaven, Gary is relaxing over a cup of black coffee and hard-rock music in his house trailer on the outskirts of Nap Town. He rubs the curdery stubble on his chin and continues his dissertation on the temporal perils of high-speed motor racing.

"I mean, now just look at my beard this morning. I haven't shaved since before I went out to qualify yesterday afternoon. Usually, when I'm not racing I only have to shave every other day. Here at Indy where we're running fast nearly every day for a full month—what with testing and practice and qualifying and then the race itself—why, I have to shave twice a day if I don't want to look like a hobo."

Gary's flat green eyes are dead serious under his bristling eyebrows. Hey! Wait a minute! What about those eyebrows? Suddenly it all begins to make sense: the new shaggy look among race drivers is the simple result of the new high speeds they are attaining. Jackie Stewart's shoulder-length hairdo is not motivated by any mundane desire to appear "moed," but rather the product of all that superfast driving.

And what about Mark Donohue,

Gary's senior partner on the Penske Racing Team? Up until last year, when Mark first started driving the new, quick McLaren M16 championship car, his dome resembled the proverbial peach—a living, moving memorial to the late, great crew cut. Now Mark's hair is markedly longer; perhaps that worried look he always wears has more to do with harrier appointments than blown engines. Even Team Manager Roger Penske, usually the *ac plis ultra* of Ivy League-influence good grooming, comes on traumatically an understudy for the road company of *Haw!* "I'm turning into a hippie," moaned Roger at trackside last week, his graying sideburns flapping in the wake of Donohue's passing McLaren. Penske himself no longer drives, but few team managers identify as strongly with cars at speed as Roger.

"When Roger asked me to drive for him, you could have knocked me over with a feather," continued Bettenhausen in a more serious vein. It was certainly the big break in Gary's 10-year USAC career, although he just as certainly brought to it an impressive set of credentials. Young Bettenhausen began racing modified Go-Karts at the age of 19, the year his father Tony had died in an over-the-wall crash at Indy. "I'd always wanted to go racing," Gary re-

calls, "but my dad was neutral on the subject. He took me with him to the races, because he felt that if I insisted on racing he wanted me to know what it was really like. He didn't want me to have any romantic, Hollywood-hokum idealism about it."

Ironically, Tony Bettenhausen died while testing a friend's car after turning the fastest practice lap in his own machine for the 1961 Indy 500. Tony, who was then 44, had promised never to drive a car that he himself had no stake in—a driver's luck wears thinner with each race, just as his reflexes erode with each passing year—but the friend was Paul Russo, who had helped Tony build a sofa on his farm the previous winter, during miserable weather. The fatal ride was part of a friendship bond—an act of idealism in the old Hollywood tradition.

"Nowadays a lot of kids reject their father's way of life, but that's plain stupid," says Gary, who is now 30 and has three sons of his own. "If you're proud of your father, you want to do what he did." In 1963, after two seasons in the Go-Karts, Gary and some friends built a Dodge for him to race on the USAC stock-car circuit. In his best showing, an Indianapolis significantly enough, Bettenhausen finished second to A. J. Foyt and was later named Rookie



BENEATH THOSE BANDANAS, THE DRIVERS ARE ALL SPORTING STUBBLES

How to pick the best color portable from Sears or anyone else

Some people wonder if they have to sacrifice color quality by getting a portable instead of a console.

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On some color TV's people will have red faces. Or even green faces.

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AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL—helps keep colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER—helps keep colors clear and pure.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

You'll find an AFC—Automatic

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Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—even when you change channels.

them in their Best portable.

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Make sure you ask about service before you buy a set.

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Sears Best 19-inch (diagonal measure picture) color portable has Automatic Tint Lock and Automatic Fine Tuning.

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Features	Sears		Brand A		Brand B		Brand C		Brand D		Brand E	
	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No
Automatic Tint Lock	Yes											
Automatic Fine Tuning	Yes											
Bonded Etched Tube	Yes											
Bright Picture Tube	Yes											
Wide Screen Picture	Yes											
Instant Start	Yes											
Light Efficient Screen	Yes											
Snap-on Modules	Yes											
Nationwide Service	Yes											

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1972 Ford Mustang SportsRoof
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FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



1972 Ford Mustang shown with Sprint color option.

of the Year in the stock-car division.

From there, Gary moved up through the traditional USAC apprenticeship: midgets, sprint cars and dirt cars, spending three years on the gritty little ovals, racing for small purses under glaring lights through the free-way traffic of night competition, before graduating to the "big cars" in 1966. But Bettenhausen still races the small stuff—he was USAC's Sprint Car champion in 1969 and 1971—because he feels that they get him in shape for the big-money races. "It keeps you sharp, it keeps you out of the rut," he says. "When you're running wheel to wheel under the lights with the dirt from the cars ahead splattering off your windshield, you learn a lot about how to go through traffic. And shucks, it's not that dangerous. In the four years I've been running sprints, I haven't seen anyone die."

Last year Gary drove in 60 races, embracing all five of USAC's competitive divisions: stock, midget, sprint, dirt and championship, winning money and points in each. His earnings for the season: \$129,433. The practice, if such it was, certainly has paid off this season. Already in 1972 he has won a midget race at San Jose, the sprint-car Penn Nationals at Harrisburg and a repeat victory in the Astro Grand Prix under the Houston Astrodome. Driving Penske's McLaren in big-car competition, he placed fourth in the season opener at Phoenix and then inherited victory in the Trenton 200 when Bobby Unser and Mark Donohue, in faster cars, broke down during the early going. Still, Bettenhausen's winning speed at Trenton—146.211 mph—was nearly seven mph better than the existing record, and by winning he became the first son of a former USAC national champion to win at the tough Trenton course. That means something special when you consider that Gary's best friend is Billy Vukovich, son of another dead racing father who won Indy twice (1953 and 1954) while two-time national champion Tony Bettenhausen never won the big race.

"Billy's my best buddy," maintains Gary stoutly. "We used to knock around the circuit together as kids when our fathers were alive. We like to go fishing together. Of course, we're different in some ways. I'm a baseball nut—I used to play in the Pony League up in Tinley Park, Ill., where I live when I'm not racing,

and I guess if I weren't a driver I'd like to have been a major league ballplayer. A pitcher. I was throwing to one of my mechanics, Blaine Ferguson, back there in the pits the other day and I gave him a knuckleball he couldn't handle. It took him on the kneecap. On the other hand, Billy's a golf nut—he's seriously planning to win the driver's match they have here every year after the last weekend of qualifying. He shoots 80, 84, like that, for 18 holes. I've played golf about five times in my life, and the other day when Billy and I were out practicing I shot 65 for nine holes."

Gary Bettenhausen shakes his head in frustration and runs a stubby-fingered hand across his whiskers. "Well, I'll have plenty of time to practice my golf game this week. We're going to concentrate on getting Mark's car ready for his first qualifying attempt—he and Peter Revson were at the very end of the line and didn't have a chance to run because of the delayed start. [The concentration on Donohue's car paid off the next weekend: Mark hit 191.408 mph and rolled into the No. 3 starting spot, behind Bobby Unser and Revson, tying Bettenhausen back to fourth.]

"With another week to get ready, I think either Mark or Peter could run as fast as Bobby Unser went. After all, I had 750 miles on the engine I qualified with, and Bobby only ran one second per lap faster than I was going—most of that on the straightaways. Mark will have a fresh engine. Bobby's had a lot more track time than we've had. In terms of testing and development, we're about 3,000 miles behind him."

The image that leaped to mind was astonishing. Let's see, if Donohue ran 200 practice laps of the 2½-mile Indy track for the six days up to and including the next qualifying day, he could make up those 3,000 miles and conceivably beat out Unser for the pole. On the other hand, a regimen of high-speed driving as intense as that would permit no time out for shaves, haircuts or manicures. The hair alone generated by that much speed would make the car too heavy to beat Bobby's time, and Roger Penske would need a fingernail clipper to release Mark's grip on the steering wheel. So it was just as well for Penske & Co. that Gary Bettenhausen had qualified as swiftly and reliably as he did—at least the kid would have a chance to go to the hashers before race day.

END

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Laughing on the outside

Thus was the Cane Pace won, with the favorite dying on the inside

After surviving two broken backs and as many heart attacks, John Hayes wasn't about to come unglued over losing last Friday night's \$107,000 Cane Futurity at Yonkers Raceway. Not that the tough little Canadian trainer was all that happy. No one can go into the first part of pacing's Triple Crown with the 4-5 favorite and come out second-best to a 10-1 shot and not feel some remorse. "All that prestige," someone said to him sympathetically. "All that money," said Hayes, who is a practical man. "You just saw how to blow \$43,000 in a little over two minutes." In the sphere of Kentucky Derbies, the trophy is the thing. In harness racing, the majority prefers its silver melted down into coins.

This time the bulk of the coins, a tad more than \$64,000 worth, went to the

owner and handlers of Hilarious Way, a Bret Hanover colt who came rushing through the driving rain to overhaul Hayes' Strike Out near the wire to win by three-quarters of a length. And just a neck back of Strike Out was Keystone Pebble, a 60-1 shot who skittered happily over the slop. But if Strike Out was beaten by Hilarious Way, he was done in by Racy Prince, a lightweight who furiously chased last year's 2-year-old champion for the first half mile, forcing a pace faster than Hayes wanted his ace to be going. They went to the half in :59½, quick considering the conditions.

"That Prince had no business up there," said Hayes as he watched a rerun of the race on a television set in the paddock. "But you can't fault Strike Out, he had to meet any challenge. Racy Prince hung on the outside and forced the pace while the rest of them were sitting back resting. Our horse was the best in the race and he belonged out in front. If he had backed off and let those other horses go around him, I'd have shipped him back to Canada."

If Hilarious Way was resting, it was in high gear. Driven brilliantly by young John Simpson Jr., the Gamesway Farm colt came out of the 10th position in the second tier of the 12-horse classic, worked his way to sixth on the outside of Keystone Pebble by the half and began to move past the pack. By the three-quarter pole he was second but three wide on the outside going into the stretch

turn. He moved away from the mob, caught Strike Out 40 yards from the finish and won in 2:02½.

"He just gets better and better," chorled Owner Clarence Gaines, one of the sport's minority who reaches for the trophy before the check. His wealth comes from the Gaines dog-food company, which should make a horse think twice about giving less than his all. "He's still a little green. I thought he needed two or three more races, but he was there tonight, wasn't he?"

Last August, after winning three of eight starts, Hilarious Way injured a knee in the Fox Stake at Indianapolis and was turned out for the season. This spring he had started three races, winning once—at Yonkers. "He has come along even better than I expected," said Simpson, a boyish-looking 28-year-old who took over the training and driving of the Hanover Shoe Farms stable in 1970 when his famous father was sidelined by an eye operation. That same year, he became the youngest driver ever to win the Hambletonian, with Timothy T.

"It's wonderful, isn't it," said John Simpson Sr., smiling at his soggy son.

"Sure is," said young John, who sandwiched his triumph in the Cane between victories in the fourth and sixth races. "Things like this don't happen very often." He grinned as he fingered his blood-shot left eye, which had caught a flying clod of mud.

For John Hayes there was no mud in the eye, just the thought that perhaps Friday wasn't his day. For openers there had been a telephone call at 1 a.m. in Chicago. The caller was a *New York Post* writer who wanted to know what instructions Hayes would give Keith Waples, his driver.

"Instructions," Hayes snorted later. "If I had to give him instructions he wouldn't belong in the bloody race." But patiently he told the writer, "Well, I'm going to tell Keith that every time he comes to a turn to keep going left."

Arriving in New York later that morning, he stopped by an airport rental office to pick up a car. He announced his residence as Oshawa, Ontario. The girl at the counter reacted warily.

"Where's this, uh, Oshawa?" she demanded.

"You ever hear of Bobby Orr?" asked Hayes.

"No."



SLOSHING TO HIS UPSET VICTORY, HILARIOUS WAY (10) OUTSIDRIDES STRIKE OUT (1)

"You ever hear of Texas?"

"Yeah," said the girl, brightening.

"Well," Hayes said, "my backyard is bigger than Texas."

"Oh," said the girl.

Shortly before five that afternoon, between sips of coffee at a restaurant near Yonkers, Hayes wondered aloud at people's persistent curiosity about his health. During World War II, while training with the Royal Canadian Air Force, he ground-looped an Anson II trainer into a concrete runway and broke his back. He spent most of the next two years in hospitals.

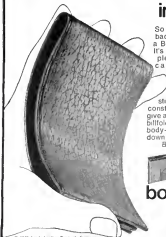
He was a farmer, but there wasn't much work for a farmer with a bad back. He went into harness racing and quickly discovered there is more money in horses than in cows. Years later, at a place called Mohawk Raceway, he was flipped out of a sulky, flew 50 feet through the air and landed on his back, which again was broken. "But I knew I was going to be all right," he said. "As I lay there after coming down, I was able to wiggle my toes."

The heart attacks came last summer, both while Hayes was driving Strike Out. After the second one he gave up driving. "I didn't do it for myself," he said. "I just didn't feel it was fair to the other drivers or to the people betting on my horses." And so when the doctors insisted he quit, he said O.K. But when they ordered him to stay away from race-tracks, he laughed.

"I told them to spend a dime every day and buy the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, and if they didn't see my name in the obituary column they'd know they were wrong." His eyes twinkled behind dark rimmed glasses. With his right hand he smoothed down a slight Gallic mustache. "I told them the only way I was gonna die at home would be by accident. I certainly don't want to die, but I don't want to give up living, either. I just wish people would stop talking about it. They act as though I should prepay my funeral expenses."

Watching the race from a glassed-in section of the paddock, Hayes moved only his head, and that but barely, as the horses twice circled the half-mile track. At the end he said without emotion, "Hilarious. Way wins it." Then he added, "It sure is a lot tougher watching than driving. But either way, when you're second, you're second." **END**

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The ABA title was at stake and along came those Nets with a bunch of fierce guards. So enigmatic Indiana played it the hard way

Bring up the backcourt

For a rousing finish to the longest-running schedule this side of Amtrak, the American Basketball Association staged the matchup nobody quite expected. There were the newest darlings of all the pros, the New York Nets, trying to cop a championship with destiny playing the backcourt, attempting to put the last twist on that mystique of Long Island where the Mets and Jets before them had won titles that even Jeanne Dixon could not have predicted. And there were the Indiana Emigas, that

team otherwise known as the Pacers.

The Pacers are big, fast, mean, skilled, experienced, strong and some other good things—but all season they had played at a speed indicating they were trying to live down to their nickname. "It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," said Sir Winston Churchill and also Indiana Coach Slick Leonard. All the Pacers had to do to win the ABA title was to survive the Nets, fate, rhyme and themselves, not to mention a season that finally ran to eight months and

BUCKING THE BIG MEN and doubling as ball hank, Freddie Lewis played key Pacer role

113 games, plus playoffs that lasted longer than the First in the Desert. Indiana did it, without mystery, in six games.

The Pacers won because they outplayed the Nets in the backcourt, the position where New York was supposed to have been strongest and Indiana weakest. The Nets had all the guards in this series: All-Star Bill Melchionni, All-Rookie John Roche, All-Guns Ollie Taylor. The Pacers had only disappointing Rick Mount, small (6'7") Freddie Lewis and even smaller Billy Keller. New York's backcourt men had shot down the supposedly invincible Kentucky Colonels and helped bomb out the Virginia Squires. The only noteworthy bombing the Indiana guards had done came when Mount cannonaded Leonard in the press for not giving him enough playing time. Their critics—frequently including Leonard—took potshots of their own, generally rating the Pacer guards as mere spear carriers for the team's five-man batch of superior frontcourt men.

Indiana's front line includes Center Mel Daniels, twice the ABA's MVP; Forwards Roger Brown and Bob Netolicky, former all-league selections, and two precocious rookies, 6'8" George McGinnis and 6'9" Darnell Hillman. The Pacers were favored over the Nets because of them, but once the series started they often fell into foul trouble and struggled to outrebound the smaller Nets. The result: they were outscored by New York's frontcourt, not only because Rick Barry poured in 32 points a game, as expected, but also because vastly improved Center Billy Paulitz led the Nets in rebounding and averaged nearly 20 points himself.

This sort of action served to reverse the usual Pacer pattern. "We're a good team because of our big men," said Keller, "but when we break open games it's often the guards who seem to get the points. It's like the only thing we need to win is for the guards to get hot for a few minutes because the guys up front will keep us even the rest of the time." Against the Nets, it was more often the Indiana backcourt fighting to keep the Pacers in games until the high-

continued

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The show was created for Liqueur Galliano by Galitzine of Rome.
A chess firela Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.

ger players would get around to exploding. In the finals the Indy guards outscored New York by 56 points and even passed for more assists.

Twice Indiana received the sudden electricity it needed in the frontcourt and both times the result was a Pacer victory. In the third game—and the first of the final series played before the hysterical, standing-room-only crowds at the Nets' new Nassau Coliseum—McGinnis scored 30 points and took 20 rebounds as Indiana edged to a 2-1 lead. For the rest of the series, McGinnis, a bullish young man uninhibited by any apparent thirst for consistency, was too frequently on the bench in foul trouble. On the court he was as impressive in error as he was in accomplishment. In the fifth game, for example, McGinnis mistakenly thought the buzzer ending the third period was about to go off when he landed after pulling a defensive rebound with one hand away from three less forceful Nets. Displaying the strongest—and wildest—young right arm since Nolan

Ryan, he turned with the ball palmed and effortlessly flicked a pass downcourt. It soared high, barely missing the lights, sailed over the backboard at the far end of the court and drifted 10 rows or so into the stands. Nice lob, George.

In the sixth game Brown, a consummate playoff performer of days past, broke loose for what used to be a typical postseason game for him. He ripped Barry and other New York defenders for 32 points as his teammates frequently drew their men to the other side of the court to leave Brown all alone to toy with his man one-on-one.

But it was the Indiana guards who played most consistently and who rallied the Pacers to their victory in the pivotal fifth game. Mount was merely steady in his best moments of the finals, but Keller was explosive and Lewis—who led all the Indiana scorers—was the team's top player.

The series was tied 2-2 when game five began. The Pacers started off in mid-season form—at one point during the

regular schedule they had managed to lose 20 games in six weeks despite the League's most formidable roster. By midway through the second quarter, New York held a 20-point lead and the over-capacity crowd of Pacer fans was making loud noises reminiscent of Philadelphia. At halftime Lewis was the only Pacer with more than six points (he had 14), and McGinnis, Daniels and Hillman were all in foul trouble. Just before the intermission, however, Lewis made a move that would set the pattern for Indiana later in the game. As Roche paused, dribbling, at the top of the key—waiting for the clock to run down before New York ran a play for the final shot of the half—Freddie stripped the ball away from him and floated in for a layup that cut the Nets' lead to 15.

In a two minute span early in the third period Keller swished three long, three-point baskets that turned the game from a rout into the most exciting one of the series. Those shots, mixed with jumpers by Brown, McGinnis and Dan-

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rels, cut New York's lead to only three points after four minutes of the second half. Keller's 25-footers were not rash gambles. He had popped in nine in a row the day before in practice.

Still, while his shots revived the non-cheering Pacer fans, they failed to decisively rattle the Nets. In the closing 18 minutes of the game the score was tied or the lead changed hands 21 times. In fact, New York seemed to have salvaged the game when Barry made two free throws with 27 seconds left to give the Nets a four-point lead. Then Keller and Lewis went to work. Billy headed for his favorite three-point spot and, although closely guarded by Taylor, swished a jumper. Still, all New York had to do to preserve a one-point win was hold the ball until the end of the game. Lewis solved that problem with a clean steal from Taylor as the Nets attempted to bring the ball upcourt. He drove in for a layup, was fouled and made two free throws to give Indiana a 100-99 win.

Lewis, a member of the Pacers since the founding of the ABA, has been Indy's only captain and has appeared in all but a handful of Pacer games. He played one year in the NBA but joined the new league because he felt there would be better job security there for a small man. In his own mind, that security has never materialized. "I have had to come to training camp every year with the attitude that I'm trying to make the team, that I'm trying to win a job," he says.

Lewis is short and he is not extraordinarily fast. Nor is he a pinpoint outside shooter. But compared to some of his teammates, he is a marvel of consistency and he has learned to do little things very well—among them shooting foul shots and making steals when they are imperative.

"I've had trouble matching up our guards against other teams," says Leonard. "Rick's not a particularly good defensive player and Freddie and Billy are small. Lots of people thought I was criticizing them as players, but I

was just concerned about their size. It was a misunderstanding."

There have been plenty of misunderstandings on the Pacers this year and even while he was gulping champagne in the locker room after the title-clinching victory, one player said, "I intend to be right back here doing this again next year, but it sure ain't gonna be with this team." Mount and Netolicky are almost certain to be traded, and others may go with them. It is indeed unusual for a team with a pronounced undercurrent of discontent to win a championship, a factor that might explain why the Pacers, who won their last title only two years ago, celebrated their victory with a far greater display of champagne-squirting enthusiasm than even recent first-time winners like the Los Angeles Lakers or Milwaukee Bucks.

"Winning sure solves a lot of problems," said Indiana Assistant General Manager Bill Orwig during the bubbly blitz. It also helps to clear up a few enigmas as well. **END**



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Among the athletes who have worked miracles for Stanford's reputation are Olympian Bob Mathias, football's Ernie Nevers, pitcher Jim Lonborg, Bobby Grayson and the New Boys, and Don Buzza, the thinking quarterback.

Disciples of Another Creed

From its founding there was not a ghost of a chance that Stanford would resemble other California universities. Its students are a singular, changing lot, and among their surprising attitudes is their view of sport

by RON FIMRITE

The gallery includes a
 Ringing quarterback, Jim
 Plunkett, shotputter Otis
 Chandler, Julia Feldman
 of pro tennis, surfer Rick
 Grigg and Walker Cupper
 Charlie Sorensen, now
 known as Tom's father.



One troubled night following the death of his son, Leland Stanford was visited in his sleeping chamber by the boy's ghost. Observing that the old railroad tycoon had been weeping over his tragic loss, the shade admonished him for such self-indulgence and made what seemed a capital suggestion:

"Father, do not spend your life in vain sorrow," it said to him. "Do something for humanity. Build a university

continued

for the education of poor young men."

So Stanford did.

That, at least, is one explanation for the founding of Leland Stanford Junior University on Leland Senior's stock farm in Palo Alto, Calif. And though the story may be apocryphal, Stanford people are rather fond of it, for it tends to bolster their conviction that, although their university was erected on solid ground, it was at least celestially inspired.

Californians have long held to the view that there is, indeed, something otherworldly about Stanford. It is a prestigious private school of unimpeachable academic and social standing in a state where public education, particularly at the university and college level, has made its highest marks. Stanford is hardly the poor boy's school that the ghost had in mind—tuition will rise to \$2,850 in September—but it has been so generously favored with scholarships that nearly half its 11,500 students are receiving financial aid of some sort.

Athletically, Stanford confounds its rivals by competing in the collegiate major leagues with a male undergraduate student body of little more than 4,000, with relatively few purely athletic scholarships and with an approach to sport bordering on the cavalier. Two successive Rose Bowl victories over heavily favored Big Ten schools with a much more orthodox football orientation testify to the effectiveness of this studied nonchalance.

Admittedly, it is no longer fashionable to attach cosmic significance to mere college football games. With the economic ax falling, college athletic departments, once the money trees, are rapidly becoming just

additional flora in the groves of academe. But even with this changing attitude, Stanford's approach to big-time athletics seems outrageously casual.

"The schools we should be playing are Harvard, Yale and Princeton," says sociology professor Sanford Dornbusch, articulating a familiar Stanford complaint that invariably galls its colleagues in the Pacific-8 Conference. "But because of our physical isolation—airline costs, scheduling difficulties, etc.—we are to a large extent stuck in the Pacific-8. A lot of people wish we weren't. Athletes at Stanford are not heroes. Many of them feel they must counteract the image that they are animals. They feel a lot of pressure to do well academically and so they usually do. But the university really cares about them, about not exploiting them."

The Stanford athletic department is virtually self-supporting. The only direct funds it receives from the university are for partial support of the physical education program, an amount approximating \$400,000 annually. The remainder of the department's \$2.4-million budget comes from football gate receipts (Stanford owns its own \$7,000-seat stadium), concessions and television revenue, its golf course, gate receipts from other sports, notably basketball, stadium and arena rentals, coaching camps and a gym store. With this income, the department has finished from \$100,000 to \$400,000 in the black for the past seven years. The \$400,000 or so it spends on athletic scholarships is raised not by the university proper, but by the 4,000-member Stanford Buck Club, which is composed of alumni and "friends of the university," some of them transplanted Easterners who find in Stanford the same sort of private school *esprit* they had left behind.

A modern American university with a moneymaking athletic department can afford to assume a holier-than-thou posture before those less favored. Still, back-to-back Rose Bowl triumphs would seem an embarrassment to an institution that pro-

fesses to have put football in its place as an extracurricular activity hardly more meaningful to the academic experience than folk dancing. And so it would, were it not for a certain psychological resourcefulness typical of Stanford. The wins over Ohio State and Michigan, Stanfordites will say, were of true significance because they represented triumphs of life-style. The seeds of these victories were sown not so much on the practice fields, it will be alleged, as in the psyches of the competitors. Stanford football players under their then coach, John Ralston, enjoyed extraordinary freedom. What they did off the field was their own concern. Discipline was not imposed from the outside, it was expected to come from within. The length of a player's hair, the cut of his clothes, were considered to be personal matters.

"You can't do in Palo Alto what you can do in Columbia, S.C.," said Ralston, who moves on to try his blend of freedom and inspiration on the professional Denver Broncos this year. "If I'd tried to dictate, say, hairstyles to these boys, I just wouldn't have had a football team."

While both Big Ten teams were seceded before the Rose Bowl game, Stanford players were roaming. And, while the Midwesterners adhered rigidly to their ball-control game plans, the Stanford teams literally winged it—first with Jim Plunkett, then with Don Bunce at quarterback.

"There was a great contrast in football philosophies," recalls Bunce, a serious young man. "Having so much more freedom gave us a sense of knowing why we were playing football. We were more imaginative. They were so predictable. Football is such a regimented game that sometimes you have to doubt how much of a part you play. I think when the Michigan and Ohio State teams read before the games about the 'Stanford swingers' it had to frustrate them a little, it had to give us an edge."

Although frantic instructions were being transmitted to him from the sidelines in this year's game, Bunce called his own plays in the last hectic Stanford drive that led to Rod Garcia's game-winning field goal against Michigan with



only 12 seconds remaining to play. The field goal itself was a triumph of participatory democracy. When it became apparent that only Garcia, a 155-pound Chilean, could win the day for Stanford, Ralston advanced upon the little kicker prepared to deliver an appropriately inspirational message. The exact nature of his address was as yet unclear to him—Ralston has a disarming manner of unloading the most plonking homilies—but he felt the times called for something uplifting, like “Kick it straight, kid.” Ralston remembered with a shudder that Garcia’s five missed field goals and one extra point had cost his team a shocker of a 13-12 loss to San Jose State in the regular season. As Ralston bore down on Garcia, he was intercepted by Defensive Tackle Greg Sampson.

“It would be better,” said Sampson firmly, “if you didn’t talk to him.”

“I guess Greg thought I bugged Rod,” said Ralston after Garcia, without benefit of coachy counsel, delivered the winning kick.

Defensive tackles do not talk that way to Woody Hayes, or even to Bo Schembecher.

The life-style contrasts in these Rose Bowl games were equally apparent in the performances of the bands on the field. Both the Ohio State and Michigan musicians marched militarily before the crowds in more or less traditional neo-John Philip Sousa getups. They played oldies but goodies expertly. The Stanford “Incomparables” appeared in red blazers, black flare pants, jaunty white fedoras and mod neckties. Their eight tubas were psychedelically adorned. Two of the bandmen marched with bare feet painted white. Actually “march” is a misnomer: Stanford’s musicians “walk rhythmically” and in step only when the mood is upon them. Their halftime shows, designed by an inner group called the “Stanford Marching Unit Thinkers”—SMUT—and their repertoire were exclusively contemporary. And not all of them played particularly well. One musician admitted that before the season he had not touched his instrument since he last performed with his junior high school orchestra.

Yet the Stanford bands, like the football teams, were popular successes. “These were victories,” claimed band photographer Jon Erickson, “of West Coast culture over the ways of stodgy Middle America.”

That Stanford should somehow be representing “West Coast culture” in an encounter of this sort is, in itself, a modern phenomenon. Not that Stanford hasn’t usually set itself apart from the middle; it is just that its Ivy League yearnings seemed also to set it apart from the West. Since Stanford places no restrictions on out-of-state applicants and even encourages them, it is probably the least Californian of California colleges. About a quarter of its students come there from east of the Mississippi. In addition, Stanford lived a long time with a decidedly un-Western rich-kids image, one which it is now energetically and successfully shaking.

The “Stanford man” of years past was a happily familiar stereotype, particularly for traditionally antagonistic Cal men in nearby Berkeley. He would be a blond White Anglo-Saxon Protestant with a year-round suntan. He would drink Scotch, not beer, drive his own Buick convertible and play smashing tennis. He would wear a tweed coat, khaki trousers and white bucks. His evenings would be spent at “L’Omelette”—L’Omelette restaurant near the campus on El Cammino Real. His girl friend—later, obviously, his wife—would perpetually be “in the East.” He would be a Young Republican.

The Stanford woman? Well, her name would be “Iris” or “Betsy” or some such plutocratic diminutive and she would be living testimony to the maxim that “nine out of 10 California women are beautiful; the 10th goes to Stanford.”

Like all generalizations, these fell wide of the mark, but there was enough truth in them to sustain generations of Cal graduates. Now they are meaningless, since that particular Stanford is no more. The traditional athletic, political and sociological rivalry with Cal at Berkeley seems to have been reduced to a, well, academic question. By some magical process of democratization, the students at both of these great Bay Area universities

seem completely interchangeable. If anything, the Stanford kids look more like the Berkeley kids than the Berkeley kids do.

“Stanford is much more radical than Berkeley,” says Reeni Maharam, a Stanford senior and former song girl who is determinedly unradical. “A girl friend of mine had a sister who transferred out of here to Berkeley just to get straight.”

And it does seem true that Stanford’s radical Establishment is more durable than those in comparable universities. Even before the recent resurgence of anti-war protests on campuses across the nation, Stanford had its share of demonstrations and confrontations—in January and February, for example, over the firing of H. Bruce Franklin, an English professor and Melville scholar whose fervent appeals on behalf of violent revolution led, finally, to a faculty hearing and Franklin’s dismissal for, in carefully chosen words, “incitement to use of unlawful coercion and violence and increasing the danger of injury to others.” At the press conference following the action—the first dismissal of a tenured professor following a faculty hearing in Stanford history—Franklin’s wife stood at his side carrying an unloaded carbine. There followed demonstrations and incidents of vandalism and bomb threats, yet these were minuscule in comparison with the campuswide antiwar disturbances of two years ago.

A longtime favorite radical objective has been the university’s job-placement center, where military recruiters occasionally make unwelcome visitations and where so-called war-related industrial firms interview prospective job recruits. The Palo Alto area fairly crackles with electronic firms fulfilling government contracts, and Stanford’s own considerable involvement in federally sponsored research is yet another source of discontent.

Doug McHenry, a black youth who led the ballot in the student election in 1971, sees something “basically insincere” about many of the demonstrations. “We blacks view the movement here with mixed emotions. Oh yes, once a year you will see a gathering of the con-

continued

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cerned. Then the next thing you know, they're off skiing in Sun Valley. And by their senior year, they've cut their hair and are too busy trying to get into Harvard Law School to care."

In truth, Stanford is probably just what Professor Dornbusch calls it: "a terribly heterogeneous place. There is no typical Stanford kid anymore. There is, instead, an enormous variety of persons here, all of whom think they're in the minority."

Stanford has not come by this heterogeneity accidentally; it was sought. Admission to the university is determined by a complex and flexible formula involving academic standing, test scores, personal recommendations and achievement outside the classroom.

"Twenty years ago our students may all have come from the same middle-class background," says Dean of Undergraduate Studies James Gibbs, exploring a familiar theme, "but our goal now is to get a mixture. If their academic standing is high enough we like to get concert pianists, artists and, yes, quarterbacks. We could, I suppose, admit everyone in the top 2% in high school, but this would not be a very interesting place if we did."

Where Stanford has made its most significant advances in enrollment is in the recruitment of minority students. Under the energetic leadership of President Richard W. Lyman, a 48-year-old Ivy League (Harvard graduate school) migrant, Stanford has, in Gibbs' words, "made a deliberate effort to meet its social responsibilities." Gibbs himself is black.

The results of this recruiting, which dates to a decision made following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, have been startling. While the overall student population has increased by only 24 since 1968, Stanford has more than doubled its black enrollment—from 226 to 548. It has 368 Chicano students now, compared with 58 four years ago, and 64 American Indians, compared with 14. (The Indian students are not without influence, for upon their protest the university last month dropped the "Indians" nickname for its athletic teams on grounds it was racially debasing. Stanford thus became the first major sponsor of a sports team called Indians to do so. Stanford teams had been Indians

since 1930, when the term replaced "Cardinals" or "The Cardinal," the official school color. The old name may now enjoy a comeback, although a "masoc search committee," shuffling through some 50 suggested names—including, of course, "Cowboys"—proposed in all sincerity that the teams adopt the sobriquet applied to last year's defensive line—"Thunderchickens." Thunderchickens?) A remarkably high number—85%—of Stanford undergraduates receive degrees. The rate among the minority students is even higher—88% get theirs.

On a somewhat subtler level, Stanford also has improved its relationships with another group protesting its oppression—women. It is no thanks to Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford that the school she and her husband endowed is today coeducational. She was opposed from the beginning to admitting members of her own sex into an institution of higher learning. It was only when Leland—no male chauvinist—argued that their son's school should serve "all the children of California" that she relented. But she surrendered only grudgingly, and in deference to her wishes Stanford's female applicants were to receive harsher scrutiny than the male. For many years the male-female enrollment held at a ratio of nearly three to one. Understandably sensitive on this issue today, Stanford administrators point with some pride to an undergraduate enrollment that is now 4,094 men and 2,337 women. President Lyman hastens to emphasize that sexism is not an official policy of the school, that applicants are not judged on the basis of sex, that no formal quota exists and that "roughly the same proportion of women and men applicants are accepted." Furthermore, an informal survey shows the 10th California girl must be enrolled elsewhere now. Stanford has its proportion of pretty coeds.

The university has made enormous strides, academically as well as ethnically, in recent years. "Stanford," says Professor of Religion Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, an ardent civil libertarian, "is no longer a West Coast finishing school."

A 1969 survey by the American Council on Education would seem to substantiate these assertions. Stanford's fac-

ulty was ranked among the first five nationally in 16 fields of graduate study, a total exceeded only by Cal and Harvard. Stanford has six Nobel Laureates. Thirty of its departments out of 32 judged were rated "strong to distinguished" by the council—a figure equaled by Columbia and surpassed only by Cal, Harvard and Yale. Stanford's psychology and pharmacology departments were rated the best in the nation. Its engineering courses—chemical, civil, electrical and mechanical—were in the first four. All of its physical-science courses—chemistry, geology, mathematics and physics—were ranked in the top six. Stanford's business and law schools have long been considered first rate and its medical school has achieved international renown through the pioneer work in heart transplants undertaken by a team of surgeons under Dr. Norman Shumway and the synthesis of biologically active DNA by Dr. Arthur Kornberg.

Stanford's most ambitious gains, however, have been in the humanities, where it has been weakest. Of Stanford's seven presidents, only two have not been in the sciences or engineering—J. E. Wallace Sterling (1949-68) and Lyman, both historians. Sterling is credited with bringing about the university's overall academic renaissance and Lyman has been instrumental in improving the liberal-arts programs. Stanford is now rated fourth nationally in the classics, fifth in German and sixth in English by the Council on Education.

Such measurements are always deceptive and, as some educators have protested, they do not adequately represent the quality of undergraduate education. But Stanford is almost more graduate school than undergraduate. Of the 11,500 students enrolled, almost half are in graduate school, and there are nearly 150 more male graduate students than undergraduate. Stanford's growth is an increasingly important research center is underscored by the more than \$50 million it receives annually in government grants.

"I see this school becoming more and more like a giant corporation," says undergraduate McHenry. "It is so concerned with research and development and government contracts, you wonder why it bothers having educators and administrators. What it needs is a good systems coordinator."

continued

That Stanford is more corporation than university, says President Lyman, is "a widespread myth. I'm not saying the balance between teaching and research is ideal here or at any other research-oriented university. But you don't necessarily improve undergraduate education by cutting into research programs. You don't direct faculty that way. And you don't get grants unless students are involved."

Lyman, a slender, casually dressed man who might himself pass for a graduate student, is in a position familiar to all modern college administrators—the middle. On the one hand, he needs the research grants; on the other, he must preserve the university's intellectual independence.

"Some students think we're not fighting the battle," he says wearily. "But we are. I think it's remarkable that, considering the dependence we have on outside resources, we have remained independent."

Under Lyman, Stanford has taken positive measures to improve undergraduate programs. Stanford students, for example, have great latitude in selecting their major course of study. They may even create their own major if they can convince three faculty members and a sub-committee that what they have in mind is sound academically. They have the additional privilege of attending for two quarters one of the five Stanford overseas campuses—in France, Italy, Germany, Austria and England. There are also plans for a program that would allow undergraduates to study for a year in an African university. And Dean Gibbs, for one, sees nothing wrong with a student deciding to drop out for a time to work or simply to reassemble himself psychologically.

Whatever the reason, something must be working, for Stanford undergraduates are hitting the books as never before. The J. Henry Meyer Undergraduate Library is doing a standing-room-only business during the week, and Sunday attendance has almost trebled over two years ago.

This resurgence of book learning would have gladdened the broken old heart of the founding father, although the university Leland Stanford envisioned is hardly the one that stands on his farm today. Stanford saw higher ed-

ucation as preparation for "personal success and direct usefulness in life." A university should teach a person practical things, a trade. The old man's opinion, for example, that "the earth is inexhaustible in supplies for the gratification of every reasonable want of man" would hardly mesh with the birth-control views expressed today by Dr. Paul Ehrlich, the noted Stanford biology professor who sees the earth's supplies so nearly exhausted that he recently suggested the government reward women for not having babies.

But it was through hard, practical—some might say unscrupulous—work that Stanford earned his share of those inexhaustible supplies. Born on a farm in New York, he practiced law in Wisconsin, moved to California during the Gold Rush, made a small fortune as a successful merchant and a much bigger one as president of the Central Pacific Railroad, the West Coast's link with the first transcontinental line. He was Governor of California during the Civil War and a United States Senator at the time of his death in 1893.

Stanford was in many ways the ultimate 19th century *nouveau-riche* American capitalist—a bloated (260 pounds), glowering, bearded eminence. But he lavished great affection on his only child, Leland Jr., who was born when he was 44 and Jane 39. When young Leland expressed a mild and perhaps hereditary interest in trains, Stanford had a miniature railroad with 200 yards of track built for him on the farm. And when the adolescent Leland developed an interest in art collecting, Stanford saw to it that he could indulge his tastes in the culture capitals of Europe. He traveled extensively, and on one of these cultural explorations the boy fell desperately ill with typhoid fever. The illness lasted three weeks. Then, on March 13, 1884, the Stanfords wired home to San Francisco from Florence: OUR DARLING BOY WENT TO HEAVEN THIS MORNING AT HALF-PAST SEVEN. . . .

His grief was so great that Stanford's own life seemed endangered. In his delirium, he hallucinated. It was after a fitful evening in the company of visions that he advised Mrs. Stanford: "The children of California shall be our children." On Nov. 14, 1885 he donated three tracts of land, including the Palo Alto farm,

to a board of trustees for the purpose of building a university in his son's name. The gift was conservatively estimated at \$5 million. It was worth four times that amount by the turn of the century. In addition, he financed the college until his death, and insured that it received the bulk of his estate.

Few college campuses have been so favored economically and naturally. Stanford's first president, David Starr Jordan, described the farm in his autobiography:

"Bounding it on the Southwest, rises an irregular series of Coast Range ridges, known collectively as the Sierra de la Santa Cruz—a misty camp of mountains pitched tumultuously.' Immediately behind the University estate, and forming its higher background, is the wooded Sierra Morena, 1,300 feet high, its cloak of redwood, oak and madroño diversified by thickets of chemical . . ."

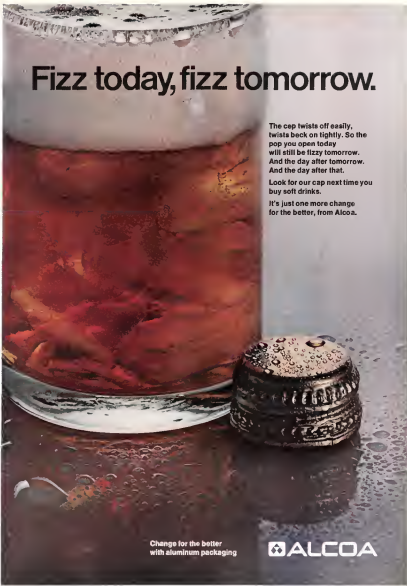
The 8,000-acre campus is spacious, with long pathways through redwoods and eucalyptus groves. Little more than 30 miles south of San Francisco, but protected by sheltering mountain ranges to the east and west, Stanford is about 20 degrees warmer than the city during the summer. And if, as Stanford critics doggedly assert, there is a country-club ambience, so be it.

The Stanford family's fondness for Romanesque architecture is reflected in the rectilinear buff-colored stone buildings, covered arcades and half-circle arches. The university is affiliated with no church, but the total effect, particularly in the quadrangle area, is of a Spanish monastery. A swinging Spanish monastery.

Leland Stanford Junior University did not open for classes until Oct. 1, 1891, nearly six years after the founding. And as the then 67-year-old Stanford and his wife ascended to the stage for the dedication ceremonies, 400 students arose and shouted, "Wab-hoo! Wab-hoo! LSE! JUI! Stanford!" It was a cheer they had improvised that very morning. Mercifully, it has been seldom heard since.

In the charter class was a young lo-man who would become the 31st President of the United States, and over the years Stanford was to have few more devoted alumni than Herbert Clark Hoover. He accepted the Republican Party's 1928 presidential nomination in

continued

A glass filled with a red liquid, possibly a soft drink, with a metal cap on top. The glass is sitting on a dark, wet surface, and the cap is also wet and has condensation on it. The background is a light, neutral color.

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twists back on tightly. So the
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Stanford Stadium He founded the Food Research Institute on campus and was instrumental in organizing the Graduate School of Business. The 285-foot Hoover Tower houses the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, and the Hoover home on campus is now the official residence of the university president.

Hoover was also Stanford's first undergraduate football manager and was, therefore, a key figure in the historic first "Big Game" with California in 1892. Some historians blame Hoover for an oversight—no football—which detracted only slightly from the dignity of the occasion. Still, when a facsimile ball—more of a punching bag, actually—was finally secured, Stanford won the game, 14-10. It was, of course, something of an upset.

Upsets, innovation and ingenuity have characterized Stanford's athletic history. Stanford's 1940 team, coached by Clark Shaughnessy, introduced the modern T formation to college football. Stanford's Ben Eastman revolutionized middle-distance running by breaking the world records for the quarter and half miles within two weeks. And, by surpassing the quarter-mile record by a full second, from 47.4 to 46.4, he converted the event from a run to a dash. Stanford's Hank Lunetti changed basketball from a two-hand set-shot game to the modern version with his running, jumping one-hand push shot.

In Fullback Ernie Nevers, Stanford produced one of football's finest all-round athletes. But the school's football specialty over the past 30 years has been in the so-called "skill positions"—quarterback and receiver. Only Notre Dame has fielded as many outstanding quarterbacks, and Stanford's have been even more successful as professionals, witness Frankie Albert, John Brodie and Jim Plunkett. Three Stanford alumni—Brodie, Plunkett and Dave Lewis—are now playing quarterback in the National Football League. Stanford has also turned out such adept receivers as Bill McColl, Chris Burford, Gene Washington and Randy Vataha.

Curiously, the team most cherished at Stanford is one that scarcely threw the ball at all. But the "Vow Boys" of 1933-35 had a mystical quality that is the special Stanford mark. The Vow that

continued

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The men in LaSalle's Trust Department are skilled professional investment counselors and managers who can make your money a lot more fun to live with.

When you set up a **Living Trust** at LaSalle, our people take 1001 financial details off your hands;

details such as filing complex tax returns, settling debts and claims, paying bills, maintaining accurate tax records, collecting rents and annuities.

A **Living Trust** allows you to transfer your property in complete privacy without publicity, and with only one set of transfer costs, instead of two and perhaps three.

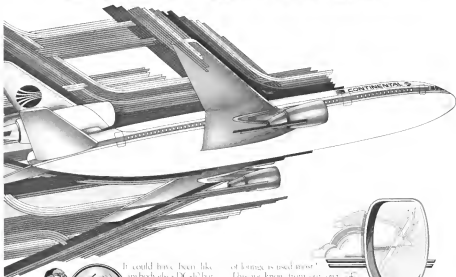
You can establish a **Living Trust** for your family's benefit, or for your own. You can add or withdraw capital, amend the trust, re-

tain authority to approve or direct investments, or cancel the trust at any time.

William C. Vonder Heide, Vice President can tell you all about it. Call him at 443-2421 or write Trust Department, LaSalle National Bank, LaSalle Bank Building, 135 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60690.

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a lot of questions— from your point of view, not our point of view.

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of lounge is used most?

This we know from our own (4) the extremely popular Polynesian Pub which we carefully duplicated in our DC-10.

Again, do kitchens belong in the basement? No we put ours on the main deck, in two locations so we can carry meals to you quick and hot. No food carts to block our wide aisles either. Plus many more passenger advantages including convenient lavatories.

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That dummy is making a point about highway safety. And headlights.

Two and one-half times as many people are killed at night as in the daytime in the U.S.

For one thing, it's easier to "overdrive" your headlights these days. Because, with increased traffic, low beams are used so often.

With too many of today's cars, the average driver doing 50 mph on a dark night might not be able to stop in time to avoid hitting someone ahead. He'd need up to 18 feet more than he'd have.

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General Electric is trying to help you get where you're going. Alive and well.

Men
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Man

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I. W. HARPER. THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.

It has a liberated attitude.

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth. Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy. It always treats your taste light.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 30-32

BASKETBALL—INDIANA picked its second ABA championship in three years, beating the New York Nets 108-99 and 104-105 in the last two games to take the final playoff series four games to two (page 92).

BOWLING—DOTTY FOTHERGILL of North Attleboro, Mass., won the prestigious WIBC Women's Tournament in Kansas City, Mo., defeating Rosemary Hanna of Madison, Wis. 899-841 as the four-games final.

GOLF—LEE TRIVINO won his first tournament of the year and \$15,000 when he shot a final-round 87 for a total in the \$175,000 Duncy Thomas Memphis Classic.

HANDBALL—LOU RUSSO defeated Pat Kirby 21-18, 121-58 in the finals of the NYAC Invitational in New York City. Kirby had earned the berth by upsetting No. 1 seeded Terry Mack of Paul, a 19th-year upper first Fred Lewis of Miami Beach, the USHA's first champion, in the quarterfinals and New York's Jimmy Jacobs in the semis.

HARBES RACING—John Stroppe Jr. guided HILARIOUS WAY (522) to a three-second-length win over favored Strike Out in the \$397,997 Cana Futurity, the first leg of racing's triple crown, at Yonkers (page 83).

HORSE RACING—Maryland-bred BEE BEE NEE (\$59,400, ridden by Eldon Nelson) won the \$187,000 Preakness Stakes at Pimlico by 1 1/4 lengths over No. 1 favorite of the favorite, Kentucky Derby winner Riva Ridge, finished fourth (page 81).

COLGAR II (\$2,801), the 6-year-old Chukar-ridden gelding by Red Steeplechase, won his 15th start when he won the \$153,000 Caltanissetta at Hollywood Park by 7 1/4 lengths over Kennedy Road Cougar II (page 81). Making him the third straight racing's leading foreign-bred money winner in the U.S. Caltanissetta II, making his first start since last year's Belmont, finished second by 4 1/2 lengths to LEE-MATT (514 0/5) in the \$37,000 Carter Handicap at Belmont Park.

LAURENCE—Led by John Kuestner's six assists, top-ranked MARYLAND whiffed Kirby 9-3 in a College Park, Md., in an opening-round game of the NCAA championship. JOHNIE HOPKINS, the No. 2-ranked team, gained the same advantage against the Penn team last week by outlasting Washington & Lee 8-1 in the second and third games to easily win 11-5 in Baltimore. Penn led CORTLAND STATE 1-4 midway through the third period in a quarterfinal game in Annapolis but the Red Dragons

out-died the score with 30 seconds to go and upset the Ashles 10-9 when Matt Deane scored with 1:47 left, the first scoring play since Deane and assistant coach John Kuestner's tying goal in the other quarterfinal game. Tom Deane scored three straight goals in the second period to lift VIRGINIA to 10-1 win over Army in Charlottesville.

MYOT SPORTS—The surprise that had been hanging over the Indianapolis 500 qualifying trials for a week ended when PETER RUSCHIN gained the No. 2 starting position with a 192.85-mph average speed in his McLaren-Offenhauser (Dorsey Kiefer had the pole position with a record 192.937-mph speed a week earlier) and MARK DONOHUE, also driving a McLaren-Offenhauser, averaged 191.40-mph over the 16-mile run to claim the third spot in the front row, as the 13-year-old son of Bill Donohue's partner, Gary Donohue (page 24), will start in the No. 4 spot in the fastest field ever.

ARTURO MERZARIO and **SANDRO MUNEARI** at Italy averaged 78 mph to win the 491-Ton Targa Florio in Palermo, Sicily, the world's oldest road race, as Ferrari continued to dominate the World Manufacturers' Championship.

BOWING—The undefeated WASHINGTON bowweights once took the lead in the final 300 meters of the 2,000-meter Western Intercollegiate championships at the Long Beach (Calif.) Marina to edge previously underdog Long Beach state by just over a quarter length. It was the Huskies' third straight 12 years.

PENN's bowweights eight, using the same shell that sank in the Adiantum Cup two weeks earlier, won the Berk Cup at the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, defeating Northeastern by 10 feet.

SOCER—ELIZABETH defeated San Pedro Vagabond-America 1-0 in the final of the U.S. Footbal Association championships in Union, N.J., to gain the 50th Desert Trophy, emblematic of the U.S. title.

TRAIN A FIELD—SOUTHERN CAL. despite winning only five events in UCL's six, defeated the Bruins 64-24 (Oregon finished third with 56 points) to take the Pac-10 Conference title in Stanford, Calif., and atop UCL's list of three consecutive championships. The Bruins won the title only in a meet-second 1983, the Tri-State I (GARRIBO) defeated world-record holder John Smith of UCL by six yards in the 440 (43-4), and STEVE PRELLOVICH of Oregon won the three-mile run 11:32.31 for the third year.

SAVE COLSON, with a 254-foot heave in the javelin, and **BARRY SCHUB**, with a 7-7 high jump,

both broke conference records in leading KANSAS to an eighth straight Big Eight championship in Boulder, Colo. The Jayhawks scored 1055, points to rout up Kansas State's 87.

WAYNE COLLETTE ripped in a 46.9 clocking in the 800-meter at the Rahabfield (Calif.) Track Classic, while Australia's TONY BLUNDEN took the 3,000 in 13:56, finishing one second ahead of George Young. Jim Krus, running the 800 for the first time in five years, came in third in 13:12. "I feel great," said Krus, who finished sixth in last in the 1,600-meter. "I think I can make a better start than I have in weeks. It felt good to hear the old snap back in my legs."

MILPORES—RESIGNED. As general manager of the NBA champion Los Angeles Lakers, FRED SCHULTZ, 46, is to return to college coaching as head basketball coach at Purdue, replacing GILBERT KINGS, 49, who will remain an advisor of athletics. Schultz led New Virginia to Southern Conference championships in six seasons and coached the Lakers for seven years (1973-80) and four Western Conference titles before becoming GM five years ago, while King, once Schultz' assistant in West Virginia, coached a 109-44 team in seven seasons with the Redskins.

RTURIED: From Alpine skiing competition 20 years a fashion show, FRANKIE MACCHI, 36, of Prince, one of the nation's top ski instructors and a strong contender for the 1972 World Cup before the early loss in Sapporo, Japan, while waiting for the Olympics.

RI TIRA DI: Missions North Star forward DEAN PHILIPPO, 35, who scored 833 points in 15th year in NHL history and 363 goals (120th goal in 26-year career with five NHL teams) and led season by totaling 61 points with the North Stars.

RTURIED: As coach of the Buffalo Sabres, FLECHER SMITH, 54, was replaced by JOE CRIGGER, 43, who took over last season on interim coach when Smith suffered a severe heart attack in January. Smith, the winner of four Stanley Cup championships as coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs for 11 seasons (1955-66), will remain as general manager.

SCRATCHED: From a chance to compete in the Olympics, **MARTY LIQUORI**, 22, the world's top-ranked marlar last year, because of a sprain on his left heel.

CREDITS

20, 33—Steve Kline, Inc., Tony 34—Tony 35—Tony 36—Tony 37—Tony 38—Tony 39—Tony 40—Tony 41—Tony 42—Tony 43—Tony 44—Tony 45—Tony 46—Tony 47—Tony 48—Tony 49—Tony 50—Tony 51—Tony 52—Tony 53—Tony 54—Tony 55—Tony 56—Tony 57—Tony 58—Tony 59—Tony 60—Tony 61—Tony 62—Tony 63—Tony 64—Tony 65—Tony 66—Tony 67—Tony 68—Tony 69—Tony 70—Tony 71—Tony 72—Tony 73—Tony 74—Tony 75—Tony 76—Tony 77—Tony 78—Tony 79—Tony 80—Tony 81—Tony 82—Tony 83—Tony 84—Tony 85—Tony 86—Tony 87—Tony 88—Tony 89—Tony 90—Tony 91—Tony 92—Tony 93—Tony 94—Tony 95—Tony 96—Tony 97—Tony 98—Tony 99—Tony 100—Tony 101—Tony 102—Tony 103—Tony 104—Tony 105—Tony 106—Tony 107—Tony 108—Tony 109—Tony 110—Tony 111—Tony 112—Tony 113—Tony 114—Tony 115—Tony 116—Tony 117—Tony 118—Tony 119—Tony 120—Tony 121—Tony 122—Tony 123—Tony 124—Tony 125—Tony 126—Tony 127—Tony 128—Tony 129—Tony 130—Tony 131—Tony 132—Tony 133—Tony 134—Tony 135—Tony 136—Tony 137—Tony 138—Tony 139—Tony 140—Tony 141—Tony 142—Tony 143—Tony 144—Tony 145—Tony 146—Tony 147—Tony 148—Tony 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEVER ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING

Srs:

I really don't understand you guys. You will write four pages on a quick start for the Dodgers, another seven pages on the Masters tournament and even six pages on a horse's diary, yet you dedicate only two pages to the NBA championship (*Sixth and They're In*, May 15). As a typical unsatisfied, embarrassed L.A. fan, I have seen both the Rams and the Lakers come close but always choke in the big one. Well, the Lakers did not choke this time, and I could hardly wait to see your write-up, it had to be a fitting epitaph. But what a disappointment! You could at least have mentioned that they are unsung heroes, or given a rundown of their newly established records and the players' feelings about their big season, something that we could have saved as a collector's item. Come on, SI, paper costs aren't that high!

ROBERT LEPORE

Garden Grove, Calif.

Srs:

Jerry West and Wilt Chamberlain are two of the all-time great basketball players. They deserve the recent NBA championship and many plaudits. But for crying out loud, during this entire basketball season SI and the news media in general have failed to give credit where a lot of credit was due. The Lakers would not have had the phenomenal season they had without the steady, aggressive play of Gail Goodrich, whose name was not mentioned once in your May 15 article.

ARLINGTON G. KUKIUNKA

San Diego

Srs:

After going over your article on the Lakers' brilliant win, I was amazed. Finally someone has recognized and publicly praised this great team, which for years has been ridiculed and harassed for not winning the big ones. The fantastic ball handling and outside shooting of two of the best guards in the league, coupled with the tremendous rebounding of Happy Hairston, Jim McMillan and one of the greatest centers of all time, Wilt Chamberlain, have earned this team the many honors bestowed upon it this year. I have only one complaint about your fine article: it wasn't long enough. But then nobody's perfect.

JOSEPH SCHAEFER

Frederick, N.J.

HOOTON'S THANG

Srs:

I am writing to correct a lapse in Pete Reiser's memory in regard to Burt Hooton's pitch. "the thang" (*Hooton Is Doing*

His Thang, May 15) Reiser states, "I imagine somebody must have had a pitch like this sometime, somewhere, but I can't think of anybody." Well, back in the summer of 1941, my father, Dr. Walt Juszczyk, was given a six-week tryout with the Dodgers. During that time he pitched baiting practice and threw a pitch which he called "the drop." He threw the drop to Reiser several times with good success. Finally, Reiser asked him to keep throwing it. After seeing the drop 12 times in a row, Reiser connected with one, but only after he adjusted his swing by taking uppercuts at the ball.

My father's drop is exactly the same pitch that Burt Hooton throws. In fact, during his brief tenure with the Dodgers, several of the pitchers became interested in the pitch. One of them, Kirby Higbe, asked to be shown how to throw it, but my father is not sure if Higbe ever used it in a game.

More recently, Dave Stenhouse, with the Washington Senators in the early '60s, threw a variation of this same pitch.

One of the biggest assets of the drop is that it puts very little strain on the arm. My father pitches in the annual alumni games at Brown, and even after 30 years he can still make the ball drop a foot.

PETER W. JUSZCZYK

Providence

Srs:

Ron Frittle's story on Burt Hooton's knuckle curve brought back a 40-year memory for me. Tom Hughes, a pitcher in the Michigan State League, demonstrated this pitch many times to the kids at the P.S. 45 playground. It was an easy pitch to throw, and a number of youngsters mastered it and used it in high school and sandlot ball.

Nor is it unheard of in professional ball. Max Sarkent used it to prolong his career for a few years when he came down to Buffalo in the International League. And, if I am not mistaken, Frank Lary used it on occasion.

JOSEPH M. OVERFIELD

Tonawanda, N.Y.

Srs:

Just to keep the record straight, Burt Hooton is not the first pitcher to throw a "knuckle curve" (though he certainly is the most successful).

When I started pitching in the Little League at age 10, my dad taught me to throw a one-knuckle curve, a pitch that carried me through high school and college ball. I also experimented with Hooton's two-knuckle pitch, and when I threw it right it had the same (well, a similar) sudden drop at the plate. Unfortunately it was so unre-

liable that I stuck with my one-knuckle pitch.

Lacking Hooton's fastball, and ability, I turned to journalism after my college years. But now that spring has come to Central Park, I am anxious to get out there with my wife as a catcher and see if perhaps I wasn't a little impatient with my two-knuckle pitch. Heck, I'm only 29, and if I have an arm like Hoyt Wilhelm I could still get in a 20-year career.

BILL BRUNS
Associate Editor
LIFE

New York City

Srs:

I was taught the identical pitch at age 12 and threw it until told to junk it (by my Pony League coach) in favor of the standard curveball. However, because of Mr. Hooton's success and the fact that pitching a regular curveball hurts my arm, I have started throwing "the thang" again. I am happy to report that the results are quite encouraging.

JEFF STEWART

Tuba

CYCLISTS' THING

Srs:

As an avid bicycle enthusiast, I was thrilled to death over the article *We're Only Starting To Roll* by Larry Keith in the May 8 issue. Only one thing impressed me more than the article—the pictures. They are nothing short of fantastic!

While you have to be fair to all sports, I do wish I could see coverage of major bicycle events more often.

JAMES C. GIER

Richland, Wash.

Srs:

A fine article but, like the sport, long overdue to catch the public's eye. I fail to agree with John Howard who is quoted as saying, "The best athletes aren't usually in cycling." John is usually too far ahead to get acquainted with those of us who make up the group.

As for the "enterprising public-relations man" who observed, "The thing has a future," we will forgive him for we welcome everyone to our fine sport.

BILL (ANER) HUMPHREYS

San Diego

Srs:

After reading Larry Keith's article, I thought the following information might be of interest. The Somers file (N.J.) Jaycees, in conjunction with the Somerset Wheelmen, have for years sponsored The Tour of Somerset, which occurs on Memorial Day.

continued



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The Tour is a 50-mile race which annually draws several hundred riders of national and international fame, while attracting anywhere from 15,000 to 20,000 spectators. This race has come to be known recently as the Kentucky Derby of cycling; so, as you can see, it not only has a future but also a full and illustrious past.

NEIL M. ARBITABLO, D.D.S.
President
Somerville Jaycees
Somerville, N.J.

TEXAS' RANGERS

Sirs:

It is not surprising to me that baseball fans in the Washington area are bitter over the move of the former Senators to Texas, as evidenced by letters in your May 15 issue. No city could be expected to lose a team and be happy about it.

However, I must take issue with Patrick McCloud, who appears to be writing off the move to Texas as a failure. While it is true the Rangers have not drawn well so far this season, neither have most other major league teams. In this respect, it should be remembered, to quote Sam Blair, sports columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, "Washington had major league baseball for 70 years. Dallas-Fort Worth has not yet had it for 70 days." It should also be pointed out that the 1971 Washington Senators had the second-worst attendance record in the American League.

Major league baseball is still in its infancy in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, but interest is growing and will continue to grow. With a great manager like Ted Williams, an owner like Bob Short, and especially with Toby Harrah at short, the Texas Rangers will go a long way. So don't write off the Rangers yet, Washington. You lost your club. We intend to keep ours.

WILLIAM MASSEY

Arlington, Texas

Sirs:

Your May 1 article *New Home on the Range* on the Texas Rangers was a very accurate summarization of major league baseball in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. In the past some sportswriters have looked at Dallas-Fort Worth and, to some extent, Texas in general as a backseat in the professional sports spectrum. The greatly expanding population of this area, together with a purely professional team, built the Dallas Cowboys into the undisputed champions of the Super Bowl. This sporting environment will likely produce new heights for a baseball team that had no backing in Washington.

Baseball surely does need a place like Dallas-Fort Worth.

JACK WRIGHT

Fort Worth

continued

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The S. Jay Reiner Co., an independent judging organization, will pick a winning name at random from each sweepstakes box. Your entry must be submitted to your dealer by the close of business July 28, 1972. We reserve the right to verify that winners are qualified.

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How the Sweepstakes works:

Each Vivitar dealer will send his sweepstakes entries to the S. Jay Reiner Co. which will select prizes and winning names at random. At least one winner will be selected from each participating dealer. Winners will be notified by mail. If there are fewer than 2,500 participating dealers,

additional names will be selected until all prizes are awarded. Chance of winning will be determined by the number of entrants at your participating dealer and with the number of participating dealers nationwide. Offer valid in Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Maryland, Missouri, Washington and where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. Employees of Pender & Best, Inc., its advertising agency or the S. Jay Reiner Co. are not eligible. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Pender & Best, Vivitar sweepstakes, at the address below. Winners list will be mailed before Jan. 1, 1973.

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PITTSFIELD'S RANGERS

Sirs:

I enjoyed your recent article on minor league baseball (*Can't Beat the Basics*, April 24), but there was a glaring omission I am speaking of the Pittsfield Rangers of the AA Eastern League. Where else in pro baseball is a game ever held up by the sun? Only in Pittsfield, Mass. Where else does the owner and general manager broadcast his own baseball games? I am speaking of the man Bill Veck called the "most original and creative mind in professional baseball today." Pat McKernan. So, when you think of the happenings of minor league baseball in the future, please include Pat McKernan and the Pittsfield Rangers.

WILLIAM R. MARIN

Miamar, Fla.

CHAMPION MITCHELL

Sirs:

Did Dan Jenkins and I see the same Tournament of Champions (*Almost Another Jackpot*, May 1)? Where Bobby Mitchell teed it up with Jack Nicklaus on the final day and outscored him by two strokes? Where, on the 17th, Mitchell hit the finest long-iron trap shot that I have ever witnessed to within 15 feet of the cup from virtually an impossible stance? Come on, Jenkins, I like Nicklaus and the other heroes, too. But whenever a Mitchell or a Jerry Heard or whoever really puts it together in a tournament, how about an acknowledgment without all the slams and slights? It would be dull indeed to watch only the two or three heroes win every week. My "Sum Sauvage" hat is off to Bobby Mitchell for a fine four rounds at La Costa.

KEITH WRIGHT

Medford, Ore.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

Sirs:

Sungyung Chang's article on Naomi Uemura (*The Height of Self-Sufficiency*, May 1) was excellent. Uemura has done what probably no other single man has ever done, and yet, for all his accomplishments, he has been little hailed in this country. He has climbed the tallest peaks on each major continent, and all but Everest he has climbed alone. Surely he must be considered among the great sportsmen of our time. Even though he is a bit of a loner, his individuality gives me some hope that there are those few unrecognized people who can tear themselves from a complex society and go out and do the supposedly impossible: Naomi Uemura, I take my hat off to you.

DAVID CORN

Portsmouth, R.I.

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